

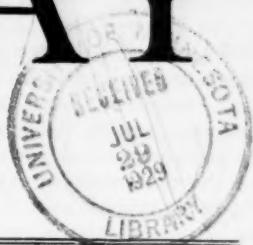
THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ...	33	THE THEATRE		
LEADING ARTICLES:		M. Diaghilev's Latest ...	43	
Mr. Amery's Blunder ...	36	BROADCASTING ...	44	
Disarmament: The Long View ...	37	LITERARY COMPETITIONS:		
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		Set by J. B. Morton ...	44	
Vaccination Considered. By Quaero ...	38	BACK NUMBERS—CXXXIII...	46	
Sidelines at Wimbledon. By Gerald Gould ...	39	REVIEWS:		
These Our Actors. By J. B. Priestley ...	40	Cricket in Books. By Edward Shanks ...	47	
VERSE:		The Poetry of Sir Thomas Wyatt ...	48	
Encounter. By Ida Graves ...	40	The Hangmen of England ...	48	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	41	Louis XIV in Love and War ...	49	
		Portrait of the Labour Party ...	50	
		Mr. Thake ...	50	
REVIEWS—continued				
Shades of Eton ...				51
The Reading Room of the British Museum ...				52
NEW FICTION. By L. P. Hartley:				
Summer Holiday or Gibraltar ...				52
The Further Side of No-Man's Land ...				52
Frolic Wind ...				52
The Duke of York's Steps ...				52
SHORTER NOTICES ...				54
NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE				55
ACROSTICS ...				56
THE CITY ...				57

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

We have every sympathy with M. Poincaré in his difficulties over the ratification of the Debt Agreements with Britain and the United States. And not merely because we feel these debts should be paid. The French Premier has refused to accept the ratification bill if it contains the reservations inserted by the Foreign Affairs Committee, and the issue is being fought out this week-end in the Chamber. The Radical Socialists, from party rather than national motives, promise their support only if M. Poincaré agrees to the immediate evacuation of the Rhineland, and this condition sends him back to the parties of the Right whose hostility to the debt settlement is much more profound. Probably M. Poincaré will succeed in getting the settlements ratified, provided separate bills are passed to make payment dependent upon the regular receipt of reparations from Germany. It will then be seen whether the State Department and our own Government can be satisfied with a ratification which, on the face of it, is unqualified, but has in fact been voted by the French Parliament only with serious reservations.

Linked up with this question of war debts is the negotiation over the date and place of the conference which is to deal with reparations and the Rhineland evacuation. It is fortunate that Mr. Arthur Henderson has a reputation for obstinacy, for M. Poincaré will fight tooth and nail against the evacuation unless it is accompanied by some assurance that the Committee of Conciliation and Verification, to which Lord Cushendun rather rashly agreed at Geneva last September, is to be a permanent one. It now appears probable that the conference will meet on August 6 and, despite French opposition, will deal simultaneously with the "Experts" Reparation Plan and the problem of evacuation. The French, at the time of writing, have not yet agreed to London as the *venue*, and the British Government may have to give way and agree to Lausanne as a place of meeting, though one hopes they will not. Negotiations, wherever they are held, will be protracted and unpleasant; it is perhaps as well that Mr. Snowden reminded the House of Commons last Tuesday that the British Government was in no way committed to the acceptance of the Experts' Report. If we are to reduce our reparation claims on Germany by a sum the capital value of which is estimated at £37,500,000, we are certainly justified in demanding that France shall abandon her

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claim for any permanent military supervision in Germany beyond that already granted to the League of Nations.

As we write, the results of neither the operatives' nor the employers' ballots on wage reductions in the cotton industry are known. It looks as though a crisis is inevitable when the notices of a twelve-and-a-half per cent. reduction take effect in the first week in August. On a cost-of-living basis a reduction of wages can be justified, but wages in the cotton industry are not calculated on that basis and the employers are not putting forward their demand for reduction on this ground. They claim that a wage decrease is necessary to produce a lowering of production costs, which, as everyone admits, is a rock bottom essential if lost markets are to be regained. The point at issue is whether the proposed wage reduction, considerable as it is in its application to the individual worker, will be large enough—or anything like large enough—to allow of effective cuts in the price of the finished goods and so to replace Lancashire cotton on a firm competitive basis. Not wage reduction but reorganization is the key to this problem. There have been slow and tentative moves towards rationalization in Lancashire, but far too slow and far too tentative. Wage reductions might or might not have to form part of the process, but consideration of these should come after, not before. The Government have announced their intention of setting up an enquiry into the cotton industry. The employers do not want it, and their best way to avoid it is promptly to set about putting their house in order for themselves. Meanwhile, we hope a lock-out will be avoided. It seems certain that failing agreement between the two parties the Ministry of Labour will intervene.

There seems to have been some misunderstanding of the motive which inspired the letter to *The Times* signed by nineteen Conservative M.P.s regretting that the Twickenham Conservative Association has not chosen as its candidate for the forthcoming by-election one of the brilliant younger men who lost their seats at the general election. There is no question of attempting to interfere with a constituency's free choice of candidate; that is a valuable principle, and any attempt to interfere with it, any attempt by the Central Office to foist a candidate on a constituency, would very properly be resented. It is not in the least this that is exercising those—including ourselves—who regret Twickenham's new choice. The trouble is that the group of local men who often control the party fortunes in a constituency may be too inclined to consider a candidate's financial potentialities before his intellectual potentialities, and in this way there is a real danger of a kind of backstairs return to the pocket borough. Mr. Baldwin has spoken his mind quite plainly on the need of getting the young men back. It is of absolute importance, because it is the only thing that can save the party from stagnation. We hope that Twickenham's example will not be widely followed, and that Mr. Baldwin's advice will.

The Government are to set up immediately their Committee to enquire into electoral reform, and

the Prime Minister announced in the House on Wednesday that Lord Ullswater had accepted the post of chairman. There will be general satisfaction at this, for it was Lord Ullswater who, as Mr. Speaker Lowther, presided over the Speakers' Conference on the same subject in 1916-17. He therefore has the subject at his fingers' ends. That Conference reported unanimously in favour of proportional representation, but the Commons changed this to the alternative vote, which the Lords in their turn rejected. So no action was taken on this aspect of the report (except in certain test constituencies) but other recommendations such as female suffrage at thirty and the reform of electoral areas were adopted. Perhaps electoral reform itself will this time have a more deserving fate. For our part we are as glad proportional representation was not adopted as we are sorry nothing was done at all. We hope the merits of the alternative vote and of the second ballot will be fully considered in exploring methods of avoiding the present ridiculous gamble of the polls.

That Labour should have adequate representation in the House of Lords is common ground; the trouble begins when specific proposals to that end are put forward. To tamper with the constitution of that House at one point only, leaving the larger questions relative to it untouched, is reasonably regarded by many as unwise. Yet the present situation is clearly intolerable. Life peers have a good backing; but perhaps as much support could be secured for an arrangement whereby Ministers would be enabled to speak in either House. One thing is plain: this is not the moment to undertake a comprehensive reform of the House of Lords. The time for that was in the early days of Mr. Baldwin's premiership. The opportunity was lost, and we must wait until another presents itself. But that is no reason why an avowedly temporary scheme, enabling Labour to have its spokesmen in the House of Lords, should not now be introduced. So that it be temporary, acknowledged as such by all parties, its precise shape need not trouble anyone very much.

Lord Beaverbrook and the supporters of his interesting Empire scheme are proceeding on the assumption that all units overseas would from sentiment and economic motive approve of free trade within the Empire. There is one unit which would neither feel the urge of sentiment nor admit the economic argument: India. Now India takes from this country about £85,000,000 worth of goods. As even Australia takes only about £60,000,000 and Canada only about £30,000,000, the attitude of India cannot be deemed unimportant. Even now it is impossible to impose on India any fiscal system of which her few thousand active Home Rulers disapprove; in the near future it will be impossible to prevent the erection of a lofty barrier against any kinds of British goods. We are not here concerned to discuss the merits of Lord Beaverbrook's proposals or the wisdom of the Indian Swarajists' economic policy; we are merely drawing attention to an awkward and overlooked fact in the Empire situation.

We would add a domestic footnote to what we say elsewhere on the important subject of disarmament. There we explain the reasons that compel a slow and thorough approach, and how it is in the best interests of world agreement that there should be no precipitate or partial negotiations. This is the ideal method for ideal circumstances; but it is by no means certain that the domestic circumstances in which Mr. MacDonald will find himself during the process will remain ideal. With the home political situation what it is, time is likely to be against him, and domestically his best chance of bringing off naval agreement—if only international factors permitted it—would be to do it quickly, before factious opposition has developed. We have noted before that a government of the Left is not the best government in this country to bring off armament reductions. A government of the Right may do these things better because it commands the support of those otherwise disposed to object. In France M. Poincaré can put radical measures through the Chamber that M. Herriot, for example, would not dare to attempt. These are, of course, purely party considerations and do not in any way lessen Mr. MacDonald's statesmanship in choosing the slow approach and the long view. But it is well that those with an eye on political realities should bear this factor in mind.

Troubles along the frontiers of south-eastern Europe never come singly. The Bulgaro-Yugoslav incidents have led the French and British Ministers in Belgrade and Sofia to come forward with counsels of moderation, but the conflict between Hungary and Czechoslovakia, as a result of the arrest by the Hungarian authorities a fortnight ago of a Czech railwayman who is alleged to be guilty of espionage, remains acute. The Czech Government have sent a note which expresses the conviction that Hungary will be prepared to apologize for this arrest, and to give guarantees against similar arrests in the future. The Hungarians assert that the case was a flagrant one; it is therefore improbable that they will make the required apology, and according to reports, a boycott of Czech goods in Hungary has begun. It would not be surprising if the League Council had to hold a special session to deal with these frontier incidents and the causes behind them.

It was not to be expected that the Liberal Party, which has for so many years governed Rumania with the assistance of every possible form of political corruption, would abandon all hopes of overthrowing Dr. Maniu and his National Peasants. Although it is quite possible that M. Bratianu, the Liberal leader, had nothing directly to do with this week's plot to institute a military dictatorship, there can be no doubt that his desire to prevent Dr. Maniu's proposed reforms have encouraged the leaders of the Fascist organization which had planned the *coup d'état*. The civil service in Rumania is packed with people who were appointed for their services to the Liberal cause, and should Dr. Maniu comb them out, as he is now attempting to do, M. Bratianu's chances of regaining control of the country would be very considerably diminished. He looks

for help to the Regency, the members of which were appointed when he was in office, and the danger which Rumania now has to face is that of a conflict between the Government and the Regency. The National Peasant Ministry has so far been remarkably successful, and the ease with which it frustrated this week's military plot against it has doubtless strengthened its position. It is to be hoped that M. Bratianu, who is a sincere patriot, will realize the benefits that may accrue to his country from a period of reorganization and tranquillity.

The resignation of the Japanese Government, headed by Baron Tanaka, is important in several respects. It shows in the first place how thin the veneer of Western democratic methods still is in Japan; it was not a hostile opposition in Parliament, but the disapproval of privy councillors and other high officials close to the throne, that drove Baron Tanaka out of office. Secondly, the report of the committee of enquiry into responsibility for the assassination of Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian Dictator, a year ago, shows that Japanese military officers were considerably to blame, and were trying to play a part in Chinese politics which, had it not been checked, might have led to a Sino-Japanese war. Thirdly, the return of Baron Shidehara to the Foreign Office would seem to indicate the new Government's decision to revert to a policy of close friendship with the Chinese Nationalists.

The submarine disaster will set more people yearning for the day when submarines are abolished. Great Britain has long desired their abolition, and it is stated, with probability though as yet without confirmation, that the Government have decided not to proceed with the year's submarine programme. Whether this indication of attitude will evoke the response it deserves is doubtful. Notoriously there are Powers which believe they must cling to the submarines as their best weapon in naval warfare. But it is well that this country should set an example, within the bounds of prudence. It cannot go the whole way until other Powers are willing to travel as fast in the same direction; but something it can do, and should do, to give the world a lead.

The award of the Hawthornden Prize to Mr. Siegfried Sassoon recognizes the merits of his remarkable prose success, the anonymous but soon acknowledged 'Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man.' As a poet, he is at pause. His rage against the cruelty and waste of war, and against the vulgar complacency of those who could not understand its nature, has inevitably spent itself. No other single strong impulse has yet come to him. Meanwhile, in this interval of waiting, he has written a prose volume, in quite what degree autobiographical it is needless to enquire, which well entitles him to the Hawthornden. And if there be any still disposed to scoff at such prizes, we may remind them that they serve the very useful purpose of bringing writers to the notice of a large public which does not follow the developments of critical opinion and would otherwise have no idea of the esteem in which the prize-winners are held by the best critics among their fellows.

MR. AMERY'S BLUNDER

THE size of the majority against the safeguarding amendment to the Address shows that the Conservatives are by no means a unanimous Protectionist party and that there are many Peelites among them. It is a pity that the issue of Protection was raised at this stage, and it was quite evidently the intention of those who drafted the amendment that it should not be raised. The only relevant arguments to the amendment as it stood were whether it was reasonable or not to keep safeguarded trades in uncertainty about their future position, and if the debate could have been confined to this issue, there was no reason why the most convinced Free Traders should not have voted for the amendments.

Unfortunately the course of debate was badly steered and a serious but manageable anxiety for the well-being of our trade was swallowed up in an abstract disputation on the relative merits of Free Trade and Protection. With Mr. Amery's intervention the debate plunged further in misfortune, for his speech was in the nature of a manifesto on behalf of the extreme Protectionists. He declared roundly that if the Conservatives had made Protection and Imperial preference the main issue of the election, and put it forward as their remedy for power, they would have won. Quite certainly he was wrong; but in any case the criticism comes perilously near to a public criticism of Mr. Baldwin. He further criticized Mr. Churchill for his overtures to Liberals, and publicly angled for an alliance with Labour Protectionists. Not Socialism but Protection is to his mind the chief issue in politics. The sincerity of the speaker was manifest, and he showed more ability and power than most people credit him with. But the speech was unwise and undoubtedly it increased the size of the Government's majority.

We are all Fabian Socialists now, Mr. Amery in effect told the Labour Party. But are we not all—or nearly all—Fabians in our tariff policy, and is there much difference between Fabianism on one side or the other? The real division in politics is not between Socialists and anti-Socialists, said Mr. Amery, but between those who serve a theory and force the facts to fit it and those who are prepared to adapt their policy to the facts. There is much truth in that; but is there not exactly the same measure of wisdom in a purely Fabian policy towards Free Trade and Protection? Mr. Amery and those Conservatives who think with him illustrate in their own advocacy of Protection the very faults that they see so clearly in the Clydeside Socialists and in the Free Trade Liberal dogmatists.

Conservatives have much to learn from Mr. MacDonald. In the face of his fanatics he pursues a policy of Conservatism in foreign affairs and of Radicalism at home, and calls it with more or less sincerity a Labour policy. Is not this the wise Conservative policy in fiscal matters, and is not Mr. Amery the Conservative counterpart in Protection of Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Maxton among the Socialists? The time may come when we shall arrive at a definite parting of the ways and shall have to decide

whether Protection or Free Trade is to be the basis of our fiscal policy. When such a time comes, Mr. Amery's whole-hearted Protectionism will be preferable to the Fabian experiments that we are now making, grafting Protection on a general Free Trade system as all parties now mend an individualist system with Socialistic patches. Any partial system of protection is unfair to other trades, and especially to agriculture, which, although it is the greatest of our industries, has to pay for Protection without enjoying any of its advantages. It may be that we shall be driven to abandon open competition in the world market and concentrate on a home market which counts the Dominions and the Empire as home. It is even conceivable that the logic of Labour will ultimately drive it into Protection and Imperialism. Enormous as the difficulties and frightful as the complications are, this solution of our troubles has its attractiveness and we may come to it. But it will be a revolution, and the instinct of our people is to resist revolution. There was not a sign of any popular conversion to this ideal in the recent General Election.

The time is not yet, for two reasons. In the first place the Conservatives are now in opposition, and a wise opposition, especially in such conditions as now prevail, is opportunist and critical, not constructive. But there is another and more important reason. Every British Protectionist says that he believes in Free Trade if only other nations would cease to be Protectionist. He is all for Free Trade within his own national boundaries, and if the world were all one for Free Trade, the ideal of Free Trade would be realized and the occupation of the Protectionist would be gone. The logical basis, therefore, of Protection is not economic but political. It springs from the same diseased and inflated nationalism that produces war and other political diseases. Are we quite sure that the present division of Europe into compartments called nations, each with high tariff walls, is permanent? On the contrary it may well give way, and that earlier than many of us think, to freer and more natural conditions. The problem has very close connexion with disarmament. If we can reduce armaments, we can reduce the tariff barriers between nations; for both are diseases of nationalism. During the war there were many who were so impressed by the obstinacy of the German resistance on their main line that they became defeatists. If they fight so obstinately for a few miles in an enemy country, what hope, they asked, even if we break the line, of our breaking an indefinite number of similar lines further back. But in fact the first definite break ended the war. Similarly, if the League of Nations solved the problem of disarmament, we might have such a revolution in our political ideals that the barriers against economic union might fall down for the shouting.

We must not therefore regard our present competitive tariffs as part of the eternal scheme of things. Nothing is so certain as that it will change some day, and we, of all people, have an interest in waiting expectantly and not committing ourselves to a principle which may be on the verge of collapse. The wise policy is to postpone as long as possible the necessity for a decision which will be revolutionary in its effect and may conceivably

reverse the march of progress. We shall in any case pursue the policy of steadily developing the Empire, and accustom all parts of the British Commonwealth to think of every other part as equally its home. We shall avoid dislocations and sudden changes in our domestic commercial policy, recognizing that while industry can prosper under Free Trade and under Protection, it cannot prosper under uncertainty. But before we convert the British Empire into a huge trading corporation closed to the rest of the world, we must be far more certain than we are that the rest of the world is lost to us and our trade and that there is no hope of Europe's recovery from the diseases of nationalism.

DISARMAMENT: THE LONG VIEW

NEARLY three weeks ago Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, at a reception given to the members of the new Government by the London Labour Party, disappointed some of his followers by refusing to prophesy about the progress of disarmament negotiations. "I am hopeful," he said, "I will put it no higher than that." The fact that he went on to express the belief that "before many days are over he would be in a position to make a definite announcement of how the negotiations are to be conducted, where the Conference is to be held, and what objects we are to aim at," did not satisfy all his listeners. The British Government, be it Conservative, Labour or Liberal, which has the task of hammering out this agreement, will need all the support it can get, and lest the fact that we are still waiting to know when and where the Conference is to be held should lead to a reaction of public opinion, it is important to keep in mind the difficulties the Prime Minister has to face.

There can be little doubt that the sensational Sunday meeting between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and General Dawes, and the equally sensational announcement that the British Prime Minister intends to cross the Atlantic to visit President Hoover, have led to expectations which could not possibly be fulfilled. Sir Austen Chamberlain's dealings with the United States had been so unfortunate that a dramatic attempt to show how things were to change now that the ship of state was steered by a Labour Government was excusable and perhaps even advisable. But people are apt to forget how closely armaments are woven into the material of our everyday life, and how difficult it is in consequence to reach any decision for their reduction which will increase and not decrease that feeling of security upon which peace and prosperity must always depend. Even two men so determined to agree as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and President Hoover do not pretend to leave out of account the criterion of naval parity, since they realize there can be no close Anglo-American friendship while one country feels that the other can surpass it in naval strength. Fortunately, there is little likelihood that the governments in London or Washington will repeat the mistake of the Three Power Naval Conference by allowing this question of parity to overshadow the political

question of which it should be only a part. The new formula or "yardstick" which General Dawes brought with him to London is superficially more complicated than the earlier League formula of "limitation by tonnage and gunnage," but in practice it should be more practicable and more just, not only because it will make it easier for countries to concentrate on that particular category of armaments which they feel to be essential to their security, but also because it takes into consideration the very important factor of the age of ships.

There are three principal reasons why the meetings between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and General Dawes have not already led to concrete results. In the first place, the problem of the reduction of armaments is an extraordinarily complicated one, even when political factors are left aside. Until full agreement upon the working of the new "yardstick" has been reached, it is impossible to suggest to what extent it will lead to a reduction of naval forces. In the second place it has been made clear to the British Government that exclusive Anglo-American negotiations would lead to subsequent difficulties with other naval powers and would indeed be almost as likely to fail as were the ill-fated Anglo-French negotiations of a year ago. The interests of Japan, France and Italy must be considered at the same time as those of Great Britain and America; any discussions which appeared to be held outside the scope of the League of Nations would definitely offend those members of the League who feel, quite rightly, that the reduction of navies cannot be treated as a problem entirely apart from those of the reduction of armies and air forces. But the more negotiators there are the slower progress inevitably becomes, and the fact that the other important naval powers will have to be taken into consideration does undoubtedly complicate the task to be faced by London and Washington.

In the third place—and this is perhaps the most important consideration of all—past experience has taught us the absolute necessity for careful preparation before any international conference. The World Economic Conference, for example, held by the League in 1927 had been preceded by upwards of two years of preparatory discussion. If, as is presumably the case, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is deliberately making his conversations with General Dawes as informal as possible, he is adopting the wisest course. Public opinion would doubtless be delighted if a date for a preliminary discussion between the principal naval Powers could immediately be announced, but even when these other naval Powers are brought into the debate, it is to be hoped that the dangerous word "conference" will be avoided. A conference is always expected to achieve, or to appear to achieve, some definite result, and it is essential that the negotiators should be able to abandon one avenue of approach and to follow another without running the risk that the more sensational newspapers will write of disillusion and disappointment.

It is not yet possible to foresee how these disarmament negotiations will progress. Presumably preliminary discussions between Great

Britain, the Dominions and the United States will be followed by a meeting of the League's Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference, at which the politicians representing the principal naval Powers will, with the assistance but not under the direction of their naval experts, discuss methods of adapting the new "yardstick" to their national needs. Following upon this, the Preparatory Commission as a whole will have to conclude its task of preparing a Draft Convention covering naval, military and air armaments. This work will take some time. In their desire to reach naval agreement, the British and American representatives at the last meeting of the Preparatory Commission paid far too little attention to armies, and they will have to withdraw their support of the French thesis that neither trained reserves nor budgetary expenditure can be limited. Lastly, when this Draft Convention is ready, it will have to be submitted to the first Disarmament Conference, which can hardly be held for at least another year. If, in the meantime, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald can visit the United States, he will be doing the cause of Anglo-American agreement a real service, always provided that he avoids entering into technical discussions. Washington is generally recognized as the worst city in the world in which to hold negotiations.

VACCINATION RECONSIDERED

WHEN a technical issue becomes the subject of hot partisanship, the desire to score over one's opponent is apt to outweigh one's zeal for truth. Controversialists are all too ready to agree with Dr. Johnson that "treating your adversary with respect is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled." Thus, the case for and the case against vaccination have each been ridiculously overstated. When serious smallpox is epidemic, statistics seem conclusively to show that those who have been vaccinated within a few years are less likely to contract the disease, and more likely to get over it if they do contract it, than are either the unvaccinated or those who were vaccinated many years previously. It is stated, for example, that in the city of Detroit, where, in the first six months of 1924, over 1,500 cases occurred—140 proving fatal—no individual who had been successfully vaccinated within five years contracted the disease.

But enthusiasts for vaccination have not been content to stick to things proved. They have allowed themselves to be manœuvred into controversial side-paths, and have violently and dogmatically denied the possibility that this blessing could be attended by any risk. Defoe tells us that there were, in his time, "a hundred thousand stout fellows ready to fight to the death against popery, without knowing whether popery was a man or a horse." Not a few of those who have taken part in the vaccination controversy have debated in this spirit. If vaccination has a tithing of the virtues that have been claimed for it, it is unreasonable to expect it to be without drawback or risk. As Herbert Spencer pointed out, long ago, only a credulous optimist would take it for granted that the injection into the human body of a substance which produces such fundamental alteration in cellular metabolism as, for five years, to repel the smallpox virus, is going to produce no other effects. "The assumption that vaccination changes the constitution in relation to smallpox," he wrote, "and does not otherwise change it is sheer folly."

The recent succession of inquests on people who have died from inflammation of the brain consequent on vaccination has caused a good deal of heart-searching among intelligent and broadminded doctors. These tragedies are bound to create, among the lay public, an increased bias not only against vaccination, as commonly understood, but against every form of active immunization. There is, at present, a movement in favour of protecting all children against diphtheria by the injection of prophylactics; and there is no doubt that wonderful results have been obtained where this method has had a trial. In America especially, diphtheria prophylaxis has been and is widely employed, over two million children in New York State alone having been immunized. In New Haven, the death rate from diphtheria has, by this means, been reduced to 1.7 per ten thousand population, whereas the death rate in Connecticut as a whole is 11.2. When we find that in the four years 1923 to 1926, upwards of 11,000 deaths from diphtheria occurred in this country, as against 47 deaths from smallpox, it would seem that a much stronger case exists for general diphtheria immunization than for vaccination against smallpox.

Speculations on the nature of immunity are no new thing. It is an old observation that if a person recovers from certain of the infectious diseases, he is generally, for a time, safe from a fresh attack, even if exposed to infection. Curiosity was naturally provoked as to the nature of the bodily change to which the diminished susceptibility might be attributed. Some held that protection is due to the blood or tissues having been depleted of material essential to the continued existence of the particular germ; others that bacterial life was rendered impossible by the accumulation of the products of previous bacterial activity. Later, it was realized that immunity is secured through positive tissue changes; and an extensive bio-chemical vocabulary came into existence. Most of the insubstantial which these terms were supposed to represent are already mythological; and the recent experiments of Besredka threaten the continued existence of many of the survivors. Nevertheless, a number of significant empiric facts have been established to the point of practical usability.

Empiricism, like pragmatism, for all its simple look, is a tool that needs careful handling. In their use of remedies, doctors are often as unscientific as are their patients, and are apt to believe, with them, that you cannot have too much of a good thing. Quinine, for example, is helpful in the treatment of malaria, among the symptoms of which are fever and shivering; therefore, presumably (for there seems no other reason), quinine is almost universally prescribed for such ailments as feverish colds and influenza. Iodide of potash has a specific action on certain syphilitic swellings, and, accordingly, doctors constantly order it for the reduction of all sorts of swellings on which, so far as is known, it produces no effect whatever. Once a drug or a form of treatment has found a place in the conventional *Æsculapian* creed it acquires a sort of sanctity, and all criticism of it is resented. It is to this pontifical attitude of the medical profession, more than to anything else, that the popular hostility to vaccination is due.

To-day there is no denying that vaccination has its risks, and, even though these may be numerically few, they are serious enough when they are realized. When public attention began to be drawn to the fatal cases of encephalitis immediately following the recent outburst of vaccination, an attempt was made to explain away the apparently causative sequence by assuming the previous existence in the subjects of dormant germs of encephalitis lethargica which the

vaccination had merely stirred into activity. At the conclusion of an inquest on one of these victims, the Westminster Coroner, speaking under medical instruction, said: "A serious responsibility falls upon parents when they do not elect to have their young children vaccinated in infancy. At the early stage of life there are no germs of encephalitis dormant in the system, and vaccination will not cause post-vaccinal encephalitis." The *Lancet* actually went so far as to argue that "the case for infant vaccination has been immensely strengthened" by these fatalities, on the ground not so much that early vaccination offers "immunity against smallpox," as that it helps to protect "against the worst danger of primary vaccination later." The public, however, is hardly likely to be convinced by this plea for a hair of the dog that is going to bite you.

In actual fact, there is not the slightest evidence to support this fairy story of dormant encephalitis germs. The Rolleston Committee, which reported last year, experimentally proved the presence of the virus of vaccinia in the brains of some of the fatal subjects; while Dr. McIntosh, Professor of Pathology at London University, told the British Medical Association last year that, in all his experiments and observations, "the only virus that could be demonstrated in post-vaccinal encephalitis was vaccinia." In an interesting report supplied to the East London Coroner by Professor Turnbull, Director of the Bernhard Baron Institute of Pathology at the London Hospital, it is pointed out that post-vaccinal encephalitis is not a new disease.

The series of events leading from vaccination to inflammation of the brain and spinal cord is not yet understood. It is proved that the disease is not caused by any particular lymph, or by any contamination of it. Although it is apparently commoner among those vaccinated for the first time in later childhood or adolescence, quite young infants are by no means exempt. After all, unlike other vaccines and prophylactic sera, cow-pox vaccine contains a living virus capable of multiplying indefinitely. What does seem to be proved is that people who have been vaccinated once without ill results may safely be vaccinated again.

QUAERO

SIDE-LINES AT WIMBLEDON

BY GERALD GOULD

MAY I bear my witness to the recovery of British interest in sport? I sat at Wimbledon the other day, watching Cochet beat Borotra; and behind me were two motherly British bodies, whose conversation I could not help but follow. One of them, I learnt, was called Ellen (pronounced Helen); and one was called My Dear.

My Dear punctuated the opening of the match by saying that he didn't ought to of done it. Ellen said no, he didn't ought; but what she always said was, men were all alike when you got down to it. My Dear said yes, they were; but it was hard on Mabel. It wasn't as if, she said, the furniture hadn't been in the family for donkeys' years. Why, she could remember that old four-poster bed (valuable such things were now, too) in old Aunt Alice's day, and it was tumbling to pieces then. Regular old furniture it was. It was an antic.

At this point Borotra was just overtaking Cochet's initial lead. Ellen agreed that it was an antic, and said it wasn't the only one either. The

house was full of things. Pieces, they were known in the trade. There was the grandfather clock that had belonged to grandfather; there was the old half-hunter watch that used to belong to Uncle Dick; and there was the side-board in the dining-room. She would like to see (said Ellen) anybody deny that these were pieces.

My Dear said what was so hard on Mabel was having *expected* it all to come to her. Worn herself to the bone, Mabel had, with looking after grandfather and Uncle Dick, though bone was an odd expression, when you come to think of it, for Mabel sat down twelve stone, if an ounce, in her stocking feet. Well, there was Mabel, toiling and moiling away, and no life fit for a woman, and not a visit to the pictures more than once a week in donkeys' years. Mabel hadn't done it for the *sake* of the furniture; she was a good woman if ever there was one; but she did ought to of had the furniture when Uncle Dick went.

Ellen concurred. Uncle Dick, it appeared, had not gone till well over the mark of three-score years and ten. It was remarkable how long he had lasted, considering his trouble. But, Ellen would say, he hadn't given way to his trouble so much in later life. Stout, yes, and a glass of Bass occasionally, but that was only for his digestion: she shouldn't wonder if he hadn't touched a thimbleful of whiskey in donkeys' years. And such a price, could you be surprised? At this point Cochet won the first set.

My Dear said the price was cruel, but them as was determined to get it would manage to get it, mark her words. Uncle Dick, when all was said and done, was a lot better than some she could name, and chapel-goers too. Stop it out of the housekeeping money, they would, and let the insurance get behind. There was nothing they wouldn't do, price or no price, in a manner of speaking. If she was to give it a name, she would call it a craze.

Ellen said that was right. If My Dear didn't mind a bit of a joke, she would say it was a craze because people got crazy over it. My Dear said that was right. A perfectly incredible volley of Borotra's from below the level of the net to Cochet's far corner evoked, at this moment, applause from an attentive crowd. When the tumult and the shouting died, My Dear was murmuring that it was a craze because people went crazy over it. I gathered that she was one as was partial to a bit of a joke.

But one does not purchase tickets for a Wimbledon final in order to crack, or to savour and digest, jokes. Serious business was afoot: Mabel, it appeared, had a moral right to the pieces: but, who should step in if not Uncle George? And the things he said! My Dear, in Ellen's opinion, would never believe! My Dear affirmed her capacity of credulity; and Ellen whispered that Uncle George had raised the question of Mabel's lines. It was too bad. Everybody in the family had known for donkeys' years that Mabel had never *had* her lines. It was Uncle Dick's fault anyway, that obstinate and all. And when you came to consider the woman's age, and her sciatica and her corns, and all she had done for Uncle Dick, it was a bit hard to be asked for your lines at her time of life. My Dear, who clearly had from the first been in full possession of the facts

now imparted to her, said he didn't ought to of done it. And Cochet won the second set.

Ellen said she could never understand the state of mind of a man who could demean himself to do those sort of things. Anything else she could understand, but not those sort of things. There was Mabel, who had been looking after Uncle Dick for donkeys' years, and everybody knew about Uncle Dick's trouble. And not a question put by anybody about the furniture till Uncle Dick went! Mabel had been using it as her own for donkeys' years. Slept in the four-poster, she had, along with Uncle Dick, every night for donkeys' years; and used the sideboard for the best silver. And now came Uncle George, with what you might call a nasty sneaking little lawyer, if you was so minded, and took the furniture, silver and bed and side-board and all, just because Mabel couldn't show her lines. Did My Dear think he ought to of done it? No, My Dear always thought he didn't. (Didn't ought to, that is: it was quite clear, by this time, what he had done.)

Cochet was far ahead in the third set, and Borotra was pulling up by painful degrees and desperate gymnastics. The crowd sat tense, sometimes breathless, sometimes cheering, sometimes letting loose a long low musical groan. Ellen said there was one good side to it: it wasn't as if Mabel had been dependent on the furniture. She had a little of her own from Cousin Bill. It wasn't that she was starving, Ellen *would* say that. And a woman did ought to have her lines. But everybody knew what Uncle Dick was, and nobody could say Mabel hadn't been good to Uncle Dick. And his trouble had made him very difficult, though towards the end he had been much better. Only a drop of stout now and then, or maybe a bottle of Bass for the digestion. Still, Mabel had expected the furniture when Uncle Dick went; and Uncle George didn't ought to of taken it because of the lines.

Cochet had pulled ahead, and won. The vast concourse was stirring and muttering and tossing its arms like a forest in a storm. It stretched itself, and settled down, tense as ever, to watch the Anglo-American fight in the men's doubles. Ellen and My Dear were still saying he didn't ought; and, as far as I had been able to follow the Wimbledon finals, I agreed.

ENCOUNTER

BY IDA GRAVES

SHOULD one blown street forlorn in stone hold our two selves at some frail time, as bubbles join and fall our loves might fall torn lightly down since love was known, pricked in our eyes beyond a breath's recall on darkness once my own.

And I should tremble, speechless and undone, at this blind shade of love; amazed as though dead Lazarus had come summoned before me out against the sun, bound hand and foot within the dazed endeavour that must hold him dumb, and his beloved face wrapt in a napkin from the dark embrace.

THESE OUR ACTORS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I CROSSED Piccadilly Circus and then walked into another world. I did this by meeting a man I know, a man whose brother helps to run an agency for film actors. We began by threading our way through that little tangle of streets behind Regent Street and climbing some narrow stairs. At the top of those stairs was a small, noisy, smoky, and friendly club, used by people connected with the film industry, especially actors. These were not the people who go on with the crowd at a guinea a day, nor were they, for the most part, the stars. They were mostly character actors. We ate our cold silverside of beef and salad, surrounded by characters, who all ate, drank, smoked, talked, and gesticulated with such gusto that you would have sworn the whole scene was being taken down on celluloid. In the other room—the bar, lounge, or smoking room—roistering companionship was being registered magnificently. Tall heavies, with colossal eyebrows and chins, roared "Hello, ol' man!" to family solicitors, doctors, and mild father parts, and slapped them on the back. Heroic young men with waved hair shook hands as if they had just encountered one another in the Brazilian jungle. Whiskies and beers were tossed down as if it was the young squire's twenty-first birthday and the Old Hall was ringing with the cheers of the assembled tenants. "How's it going, ol' man?" they asked one another, and to see them looking so intently at one another, eyebrows raised, hand outstretched, you would have sworn that the plot was thickening every second.

From this club we went to the office of the film agency. This office was mostly waiting room. It was obviously a place where you waited and waited and waited. Photographs of that waiting room ought to be supplied to anxious parents whose daughters have announced their intention of becoming film actresses. "You imagine," those parents ought to say to their daughters, "that in a very short time you will be at Elstree, on the 'lot,' playing the part of the beautiful Lady Helen, possibly extending your be-diamonded arms towards the handsome Jameson Thomas. You are wrong. You will be spending nearly all your waking hours in that waiting room, hoping against hope that there is 'something for you,' that something being the chance of falling into a duckpond or jumping out of a car, at one guinea per day." We marched into the private office, which was full of photographs of noble profiles, signed by their delighted owners. A call came through the telephone, demanding the crew of a destroyer. Word was sent out at once that imitation sailors were in demand, and after a little interval, batch after batch of men were admitted, all neat and smiling, though it must have been weeks since some of them had earned even a guinea.

The two agents looked at them, very quickly. "Sorry, you're not tall enough," they would say to one man. "Sorry, too old," would dismiss another. And the men who were thus dismissed still smiled, and I think Drake or Nelson, see

ing those smiles, would have signed them on, for their courage. This film agency business is no job for me; I should be too soft for the work, never finding it possible to turn one of these smiling waiting men away. They all deserve medals—to say nothing of guineas—for the way in which they keep themselves so trim, turning out every day with clean collars, creased trousers, and carefully brushed coats. I should like to have heard all their stories, and if I were a powerful producer, I should scrap the silly story on which I was engaged, and demand to make a film out of the lives of these hangers-on, beginning with a "shot" of one of them creasing his trousers in some distant and dingy little lodging before he set out to smile and wait, wait and smile.

A lady sailed in, very large, very dignified, the image of a duchess if duchesses really contrived to look the part. She leaned over the office table, superbly confidential. "Anything else for me, my dear?" she began. I gathered she was not too well pleased with the crowd work on which she was engaged. After a few sentences that I could not catch, she continued: "Mind you, my dear, I don't mind fighting with the Lascars at all. It's fun, so long as they're sober. But when they get filled with black beer, it's too much, really it is, too much. I'm black and blue," she concluded, smiling graciously. You would have thought she was opening a charity bazaar. "You do understand, don't you, my dear? That's right. If there is anything you know, just—er—" and, dropping the most condescending smiles all round, she departed.

She was followed by a confident young man with side whiskers. Was there anything for him? "Can you drop the side-boards?" he was asked. He shook his head. "Sorry, I can't," he said. "I'm on continuity with 'em." And so they left us, all three of them, the two whiskers and the young man they supported. There is in this queer film world a sort of hirsute gardening. An important producer can set beards and whiskers in motion for miles around. Apparently, the more fastidious producers will not tolerate false beards and whiskers: they must have the real thing. One of these gentlemen undertook to do a mid-Victorian film, a short time ago, and could not get a proper cast together at first, among so many shaven cheeks and chins. Within a month, however, those little streets running behind Regent Street or off Shaftesbury Avenue were bristling with full beards and Dundreary whiskers. The word had gone forth that hairy faces were wanted, and immediately all razors were put away. They have just been brought out again for the destroyer crew.

I was then taken round to the place where the humbler sort of film actors and actresses amuse themselves. I think it was once a night club, and its walls still bear traces of that determined jollity which is so depressing in night clubs. There is a good long room, with a dancing floor, little tables scattered about, and a refreshment bar. There are hardly any real people in that place; they are all types. Monocled dude drinks beer there with picturesque old artist type. Detective partners humorous landlady at bridge against middle-aged aristocrat and refined girl.

Vamps and innocent girls fresh from Peroxide-shire share a pot of tea and a great deal of chat. Rustics borrow matches and tobacco from East Enders (male). The Dear Little Mother explains to Sinister Hag just what she really did say to the assistant producer. In fact, there can be seen in that room all the faces you notice in any crowd scene on the films. Several of them deliberately registered things at me, being under the impression that I was a new producer, for they had never seen me before and I was there in the company of well-known agents.

I believe that all manner of film folk occasionally use this Guild club room, but obviously most of the people there were simply supers, on the guinea-a-day basis. Some of them, it was clear, were both young and ambitious, and hoped to rise in their strange shadowy profession. Others were not strictly actors at all, but men and women who had discovered that there was a market, some occasional demand, for their squint or broken noses or goatee beards or dignified appearance. Others again were old hands, who had once been on the Halls or the "Legit," and were now taking an occasional toll of twenty-one shillings from the new thing that had closed so many theatres over their heads. I caught sight of one broken old man who had once topped the bill on the Halls, but now was lucky to get an odd day's work as a tramp or outcast of the slums in a crowd scene. I was told that between jobs he slept on the Embankment. You may see his ruined face, for five seconds, the next time you visit a picture theatre.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1 The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
2 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

IBSEN

SIR,—It is not often that I disagree with the lucid, learned, and admirable "Stet." But to his somewhat grudging praise of Ibsen I must oppose myself. His article has the assumption that Henrik was ever the serf of the village and the local journalist of the parish pump. He asks for absolute greatness in character and finds it wanting. I grant that it is possible to halt over 'Brand,' but 'Peer Gynt' has, even in Mr. Archer's translation, poetry: this tremendous play is as universal as anything in Shakespeare and has exactly the quality of size which he finds lacking. It is ridiculous to pretend that great drama must be unrelated to any social system, and I deeply lament that "Stet" should be found uttering the kind of high-flown nonsense usually discoverable in the orations of extension lecturers who want to prove that G.B.S. is not with the immortals because he is a Socialist. 'The Enemy of the People' does not cease to be a great play because it concerns sanitation. Even if that bar were fatal, can "Stet" really pretend that 'The Master Builder,' 'The Wild Duck' and 'Rosmersholm' are tied to Norwegian politics or municipal detail? They are absolute and enormous drama and, if "Stet" looks for a brilliant and universal study of the wordy humbug, I can only suggest that young Ehdal of 'The Wild Duck' is unbeatable. The performance of the part given some years ago in London by Mr. Milton Rosmer is one of my happiest

dramatic memories, thanks not only to Mr. Rosmer but to the author of 'Rosmersholm.'

I am, etc.,
"DELE"

SIR,—Would not your contributor "Stet" class Peer Gynt as a really great character in the sense that Hamlet is?

I am, etc.,
19 Lupus Street, S.W.1 (Miss) D. N. FARADAY

'INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE'

SIR,—Major Hingston, in his most interesting review of this difficult subject, arrives at a conclusion which, I imagine, will be generally accepted at the present day, namely, that "no hard-and-fast barrier can anywhere be erected" between the two.

He does not, however, say, though it is probably true, that the border line between instinct and reflex action is equally hard to define. Dr. Johnson, intending no doubt to confine its possession to mankind, defined reason as "the power by which man deduces one proposition from another, and proceeds from premises to consequences," but few naturalists would now deny that the higher mammals enjoy some measure of reason, though in their case it is commonly called intelligence. Insects differ so very widely from man that it seems unsafe to conclude that they possess any faculty closely akin to human reason, merely because they appear to act as if they had. This, however, seems to be Major Hingston's conclusion with regard to the particular wasp which he describes as a "genius," and it would certainly be very difficult to define intelligence in such a way as to exclude any action which apparently implied forethought and a choice of tools! On the other hand, if we attribute to the invertebrates a consciousness similar to that of man, we find ourselves in the same difficulty as Paley, who says in his 'Moral Philosophy' that "he was sometimes at a loss to find out amusements for oysters and periwinkles"!

Instinct has been briefly defined as "action towards an end, but without conscious perception of what the end is," and in that sense it is usually confined to the animal world; Sir Jagadis Bose, however, would probably apply it without hesitation to plants and trees.

I am, etc.,
Eastbourne WALTER CRICK

BATTLES ABOUT BIRDS

SIR,—I feel called on to make some reply to Mr. Bayne's criticisms. I could not admit, either frankly or grudgingly, the probability of the ruffs being mated when I first saw them, for I did not think it probable that they were. From observation I do, indeed, believe that birds, as a rule, mate for life, *barring accidents*, but they need not therefore all do so, and I think that where the sexes assemble on special assembly-grounds, specially to court and be courted, the presumption is the other way. The possibility remains, however, and I have referred to it in the case of the ruff. I say: "But then one cannot be certain as to how these preferences began." Some reeves may be capable of lasting attachments. My more crucial observations have been of one year only—"mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?" That was frank enough, surely. But so long as there is open competitive display among the males, I cannot see that this does away with the arguments which Darwin has used in favour of sexual selection. In such cases the last, or for some years, mate might just as well be rejected as *ceteris paribus* many human husbands most assuredly would be. If not, however, he would be retained—i.e., chosen again. Result (as affecting the argument), "nothing either way."

The only important point is what he—the hitherto preferred one—would have been rejected or still preferred for. When everything points to display and adornment in such a competition, it seems only logical to assume that this would be the criterion in his case also. I assume it, therefore, till the contrary is shown, as also that, in the light of all I saw and of rational probability, according to my estimate of it, the indifference of the reeves to the undecorated ruffs was significant in the way that it seemed to me to be. They were not indifferent to certain fully-plumed or almost fully-plumed ones who, notwithstanding, were not yet prepared to meet their wishes. This factor, in my opinion, was also excluded both in the redshanks and Kentish plover. I refer to my uncurtailed account in the *Zoologist*, as also in respect of what here follows.

But now I should like to take this opportunity of saying something which, since the publication of my 'Realities,' I have several times thought that I ought to say as being due both to truth and *summ cunque*. For the fact is that the nuptial activities of the ruffs, as watched by me, were weak as evidence in favour of sexual selection, compared with those of the black-cocks. It was in these that I saw before my eyes the actual living picture of what the genius of Darwin, without the help of this, had bodied forth long before as a general conception. This is—or was when I saw it—totally different from such accounts as I had read or, as I believe, were in existence. These were all about battles and war-dances with hens sitting round as the prospective "indifferent" spoils of the victor, whereas—but I cannot here again give my own account, which, for the most part, ever since it appeared, has been either ignored or only referred to as accrediting what it explodes.

All I can say is there it stands, and so different is what really took place from what was and is still supposed to, that, as it seems to me, no one can, without great injustice to Darwin, reject Darwinian sexual selection as a force—even if perhaps only a limited force—in nature without first having read it coolly. For here were the males (plural) displaying in keen competition to the same female (one after another) and the latter selecting—or rather surrendering to one particular display but rejecting, as not being sufficiently moved by, others. Every point in the plumage of the male was methodically shown off before her, and she exhibited not only predilection, but persistent predilection; I witnessed a very salient instance—and was cool. Also she drove other hens outside the periphery of any suitor's display. Fighting between suitors was a quite minor feature which did not help them and left the females cold. So did "dancing." If sexual selection is only an uncertain deduction from the above actual facts, so, too, is a man's death as supposedly proved by the decomposition of his identified body and, still more, the rash prognostication of dinner from the smell and appearance of cooking in the kitchen, throughout the right time before that meal. That the man had died of measles, however, or that the dinner of one day must exactly resemble that of all the other days in the year, would not be deductions from the premises at all, but only independent assumptions which, in the absence of evidence as precise as my own, I should not be held bound to consider. As to "making capital" at the expense of truth in the field of research, all I can say is that I loathe the vulgar idea. I have but one object, which is to observe and reflect to the best of my ability. But I likewise believe in *summ cunque*.

With this, I retire from Press warfare. I find life all too short for making my provocative notes out of doors and copying them out indoors. With all due disclaiming, I appreciate the way in which Mr. Bayne has referred to me in his postscript, and his more

serious following up of my own little idea. I should prefer that, however, as only being in it with others, I hope—though forlornly—that I shall get all my entries out of their original black lead into ink while they still have a competent decipherer at hand, and am pleased to think that as those which I should first like to place on record have not much to do with old questions, they may perhaps start some new ones which we may answer in the same way. If not, still facts will be there which I, at any rate, should think the most wonderful of any I have witnessed if it were not my idea that one fact in nature is not really more wonderful than another, but only more wondered at.

I am, etc.,
EDMUND SELOUS

THE THEATRE

M. DIAGHILEV'S LATEST

The Prodigal Son; The Ball. Russian Ballet Season. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

THE only certainty which one can feel on entering the theatre to witness one of M. Diaghilev's novelties is that there will be a surprise. You never know where he and his dancers will break out next. That is, at least, a refreshing quality, even if the surprise consists in no more than a mild astonishment at the ineptitude of the newest production. The surprise created by 'The Prodigal Son,' which was performed for the first time in England at Covent Garden Theatre last week, was of a more pleasing kind. One was rather afraid that a noble theme might be degraded by a sniggering and petty-minded smartness. I do not mean that on account of its origin such a theme should *ipso facto* be sacrosanct, but the tale of the Prodigal Son is among the great universal legends of the human race, and as such demands reverent handling.

On the whole it receives its deserts. The ballet adheres to the biblical narrative, adding as new characters only two confidants, who oddly enough turn out to be young men, and a genuinely female Siren, who lures the hero to ruin. With such a story the choreographer starts with a good handicap. There is no need to explain things, since everyone knows from the title what it is all about, just as the Athenian audience knew what would happen in an 'Agamemnon' or an 'Œdipus.' So everything depends on the way the theme is handled and on the embroideries which may be introduced. In this instance the theme is admirably treated, thanks mainly to the grave dignity of M. Fedorov, who looked as if he had stepped from a page in Blake's 'Job' to forgive and restrain errant youth, and to the wonderful miming of M. Lifar, who managed to catch something of the ecstasy of the same artist's wilder imaginings. M. Lifar's command of facial expression is indeed remarkable, and at the end of the scene of his robbery he managed so to distort his features that they took on a resemblance to the strong, raw drawings of M. Rouault, who was responsible for the scenery. M. Lifar's technique has improved enormously, and he is now, in his rather pathetic way, as good a dancer as the company have had. With M. Woizikovsky and M. Dolin, this ballet is strong in masculine talent. Mme Doubrovskaya is quintessential Siren and makes even the most graceless movements, which M. Balanchin has invented for her, appear seductive. But it is not beautiful (much less pretty, which is not the same thing) to see a dancer performing with a long train drawn between her legs from behind and held bunched-up in one hand. A horrid suspicion occurs that the choreographer did not let

her hold the train in the normal way, simply because it is the normal way, and not because he thinks his ugly way is any better.

This brings me to the embroideries. These are uneven in interest. The statuesque effects produced by the posing of the family group in the first and last scenes are distinctly good in themselves, and provide just the right contrast to the bustle of the central scene. It is here that M. Balanchin's inventive powers fail to achieve a uniform level. He is successful in giving a sinister twist to the beckoning of the crowd of bald-heads, who feast and then rob the Prodigal Son, and this sinister feeling is well maintained in the dance of the Siren. The dance of the two male confidants fails to produce an effect proportionate to the difficulty of the grotesque contortions performed by MM. Dolin and Woizikovsky. The duet for M. Lifar and Mme Doubrovskaya is even worse; it is mostly downright ugly, and the dancers are required to assume postures from which they cannot extricate themselves without ungraceful movements. A good deal of the dancing of the *corps de ballet* is dull and silly, suffering from that desperate desire to do something novel, even if it is impossible to carry out with success. M. Balanchin seems to have used three sources of inspiration: the movements of machines, which formed the basis of 'Le Pas d'Acier,' the acrobatics of the circus and those of the gymnasium. The trouble is that he has not succeeded in blending the three into a single unified style. We are continually conscious of the origins of this or that movement, and the associations aroused distract us from the matter in hand.

Prokofiev's music and Rouault's *décor* presented a paradoxical contrast. One expected the first to be bright and violent, and the second to be muddy in colour and somewhat perverse in its distortion of forms. There was certainly a deal of dirty brown paint on the scenery, but it served the useful purpose of making the glow of the warm colours of the backcloth more intense. The velvets of the costumes picked up these colours at a slightly higher pitch, and the whole effect was one of subdued gorgeousness. The music, on the other hand, is remarkably tame and quiet. Beyond serving its purpose as something to dance to, it makes little or no impression. There is a snatch of a jolly march, a mildly seductive theme for the Siren and a dreary movement whose austerity is, nevertheless, rather attractive, for the repentant Prodigal. It is the *décor* and, above all, the dignity and pathos of M. Lifar's final scene that stick in the memory and serve to raise this ballet something above the level of a mere *dernier cri de Paris*.

The second novelty is a less ambitious affair. 'The Ball' is a series of *divertissements* strung together on the slender thread of a mildly *macabre* story. The Prologue, in which the modern guest's arrival is amusingly satirized, is better than the ball itself, in which the general dances are dull. M. Balanchin has not used here the purposeful asymmetry of movement, which is one of the attractive features of 'The Prodigal Son.' The individual turns—a Spanish dance and an Italian dance—are distinctly good. Mlle Nikitina and M. Dolin have the leading parts. Mlle Nikitina's piquant charm is well known from her previous performances. M. Dolin, lately returned to the company after several years of independence, has developed a good technique. His leaps have length and grace, but there is not enough personality to give character to his dancing. The music of this ballet by Rieti is adequate to its purpose, but the dismal prelude seems to have no justification for its existence. Signor Chirico's *décor* and costumes are charming in colour and the men's evening suits are worthy of the attention of our dress reformers.

H.

BROADCASTING

WHAT with the Henley and Wimbledon finals to thrill the sportsman, the air race to excite the man in the street, and the Thanksgiving service to move us all, last week-end provided those who take interest in such matters as the relative merits of different running commentaries or the technique of relayed transmissions with many opportunities. There was, of course, no commentary on Sunday's service in the Abbey. One notable feature of that celebration was the clearness not alone of the broadcast (the transmission was one of the finest I can remember having heard) but of what I can only describe as the mental atmosphere of the service. Whoever were responsible for arranging the Order of Service did their work remarkably well. The result was simplicity embodied in an unhesitating promptness which made any commentary unnecessary.

I missed the (projected) description of the air race by The Master of Sempill, but was able to enjoy Mr. George Wansborough's talk on Henley. This was worth hearing, an Eye-witness Account that anyone could take interest in, and get something from. At the boat race this year Mr. Wansborough gave a clear running commentary. With Henley he was equally successful, and incidentally made sport appear something enjoyable in itself, not merely a rather incomprehensible struggle.

Dr. Ballard put before us the life of a boy or girl in a modern factory very clearly. Monotony of work is an urgent problem for those who look to bettering the lives of the youthful worker. Where-as in olden times a man might expect to take a varied part in any one job, now each factory hand has his "bit" to do, day in, day out. Naturally all work must have its drudgery—that hard fact is one of the most difficult for the young to realize. But the present mechanical methods accentuate that drudgery to an impossible degree. And then there come the hours of leisure after the factory day. The more spirited the worker the more he feels the monotony of his labour, the more eagerly he turns to something wholly different in quality for his leisure time. In his work he is only half alive; outside it he must be able to find profitable means of expressing the rest of his self. There lies the kind of problem facing the voluntary worker in boys' clubs, the lecturer at evening classes, the scout master, the girl-guide leader. Dr. Ballard made his points excellently. His matter could not have been more interesting, which made it the more unfortunate that the speaker's manner should have been slightly embarrassing. There was the merest suspicion—but enough to tell—of a sanctimonious atmosphere, or it may be described as the thinnest shade of a patronizing outlook. It made me hope, for the moment, that none of these young boys and girls was listening-in.

The coming week provides these items of interest. Monday: Dame Katherine Furse on 'The Use of Parents,' Sir Sefton Brancker's 'Survey of Flying Progress,' and 'Versailles' (2LO). Tuesday: The Electra of Euripides (5GB, and Wednesday, 2LO), and Mr. David Wray on 'Personal Magnetism' (North of England). Thursday: Miss Ethel N. Hewitt on 'The Loyal Emigrants of Lymington' (Bournemouth). Friday: Lord Ullswater on 'Vandals of the Countryside' (2LO), and Lady Margaret Sackville on 'The Escape of Princess Sobiesky' (Scotland, except Aberdeen). Saturday: Dr. George Pratt Insh on 'Nova Scotia and Some Early Scottish Colonists' (Scotland).

CONDOR

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—176

SET BY J. B. MORTON

A. "Hilda expected something from Life, but she did not know what it was." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a version of this, padded out in the style of a modern novelist in not more than three hundred words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a music-hall song, in two verses and a chorus, with one or two (not more) extra couplets for encores. The song is called, 'I Know the Police'll Get Me in the End,' and is sung by a cook.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 176, or LITERARY 176a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 22. The results will be announced in the issue of July 27.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 174

SET BY L. P. HARTLEY

A. "When the time came to take leave of his brother, King Inayatullah, King Amanullah completely broke down, and the two brothers clung to one another for some time, sobbing loudly." (The Times.) We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account of King Amanullah's career. It should be written in heroic couplets, in the manner of Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' and should not exceed 20 lines in length.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an imaginary entry, not more than 300 words long, in the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, commenting upon the receipt of a substantial and unexpected legacy.

REPORT FROM MR. HARTLEY

174A. Among the entries for this competition there were some very fair imitations of Dr. Johnson's style, but few that approached him in weight, incisiveness and eloquence. Pantarei's verse is unexceptionable and his final couplet neat:

For he misread the writing on the wall,
And thought his Vanity his People's call.

But his poem contains too much reflection and too little illustration. Lester Ralph's entry is far more entertaining; but his opening lines

By methods honoured in Afghanistan,
His dizzy tenure of his throne began.

suggest Belloc rather than Johnson; and James Hall, who has an occasional good line:

One weeps to lose, and one to gain, the crown

in general departs too much from the manner of his model. Better than any of these is Seacape's

contribution, with its vigorous summary of the effect of King Amanullah's rule :

Our Western culture holds him in amaze.
"Reforms" he cries, "my dynasty shall blaze!"
With equal skill the newer scheme begun,
He overcomes all obstacles but one:
His sullen chiefs, fast in their mountain range,
With hatred view this insolence of change,
The ravished purdah, the new-fangled dress,
Each deep encroachment on their princeliness.

All these entries deserve honourable mention. All the competitors, indeed, achieve a certain standard, except one, who concludes his poem with this strange couplet :

Gone! Gone! Palace, and crown, and sword,
No longer a King, not even a Lord.

After some hesitation the first prize is awarded to Pibwob, for his spirited and accomplished lines, and the second prize to Valimus, whose contribution is nearer its model in spirit and style than Pibwob's, but less interesting in itself.

FIRST PRIZE

Or see! What envy, what mishaps await
Reforming Zeal that meddles with the state!
Secure between the Lion and the Bear
The tawny monarch ruled his mountain lair,
Whose subject people their abode possess'd
Remote from Science and the cultured West.
But he, reflecting, in a luckless hour,
Upon advanc'd Europa's wealth and power,
Determin'd, with his dusky suite, to roam
And carry thence the seeds of Progress home.
He travell'd, mark'd, and marvell'd, and return'd,
Resolv'd to teach the knowledge newly learn'd.
Short resolution! Never female dress
Has owed to kings' commands submissiveness.
"He bids us fling aside the decent veil!"
Zenana to zenana spread the tale.
What tyrant may withstand the shock, what man,
When female orthodoxy cries the ban?
An outlaw now, he roves o'er vale and hill,
And leaves his Eastern country Eastern still.

PIBWOB

SECOND PRIZE

Mark Amanullah, eager from the West,
By Afghan spurn'd whom Britain made a guest;
Fir'd with new arts, of novel splendour full,
He sought to build a London in Kabul;
Unveiled, Souriya view'd the western globe
And lost a kingdom for a Paris robe.
Lo! from the barb'rous fight, the warlike scene,
A vanquish'd monarch leads an exil'd queen;
A brother's hand, that kept a transient sway,
Let fall to-morrow what he held to-day;
Inayatullah, banish'd from his own,
Left to a brigand Amanullah's throne.
Watch now their glory pass upon the wind,
The pomp of Afghan to the dust of Ind;
And see, unmann'd by grief, and rack'd with fears,
Brother with brother stand dissolv'd in tears.
Discretion view through Amanullah's eyes
The fickle Fates, and study to be wise;
Nor let Souriya's woe without avail
Point the sad moral and adorn the tale.

VALIMUS

174B. In this section all the entries were good, but the task of choosing the first prize was not difficult, for M. L.'s is a good deal the best. At first glance it may read like a parody; but anyone refreshing his memory with the original will agree that it is scarcely possible to caricature Marie Bashkirtseff. She easily outdistances her panting parodists. Of the other competitors Lester Ralph, James Hall and N. B. deserve honourable mention. They do full justice to the rapid and bewildering changes of mood the news of her good fortune induces in the heart of the legatee :

I am rich. . . . I am an heiress! Like Danae, I am enveloped in a shower of gold. I think of all I can do with this money. I can give it away with both hands to those

who need . . . to students . . . gamins . . . the poor of Paris. They shall have a feast of joy at my expense. I burst into song. I scream with joy! Then I sit down at the piano and play Chopin to calm myself. Is it chance which makes me play a Nocturne instead of a Mazurka? Am I, perhaps, Pandora rather than Danae . . . ?

This is N. B.'s account of how the diarist receives the news. He, and most of the others, draw their inspiration from the buoyant, self-confident moments of the Diary. Muriel M. Malvern, without missing opportunities for humour, has done justice to its more diffident moods, and to her I award the second prize.

FIRST PRIZE

How Pietro must have loved me to have handed on to me all the Cardinal's legacy. If—but he is dead—Ah. Could I but meet him again how gay, how charming he would think me. I am sobbing as though my heart would burst. I must hide this misery and be calm.

When I first heard about this fortune I became as breathless as though I had run a mile. I drank four cups of Tea. I played the Piano furiously . . . with violence . . . until Paul came in to tell me that Mama was not well.

One must never give oneself away even to those that one loves.

"Paul," I said in a firm voice without betraying any of my grief, "life is finished. No one will now ever love me for myself."

When he had gone I dashed to the door and locked it. I rushed to the Piano and played a Dead March, a Fugue. What energy. What pathos. The tears were streaming down my face.

Paul knocked at the door. I played more furiously than ever . . . then ceased . . . then played again . . . then ceased. With so much money one might become famous.

Going over to the Mirror I shudder, for there I see a Wraith . . . No . . . It is myself . . . The Prix de Rome . . . Money . . . Fame . . . I burn for Fame. I am with the Angels.

I am a strange creature. No one suffers as I do. The Duke of X will now only love me for my money. My pride, my vanity suffer. I am sad, desperate—but my interests rejoice. The money will be mine, not his. Perhaps I am not so much to be pitied. . .

Why weep, therefore? Come, come, my girl. Be reasonable.

(How I love myself for having written thus. How adorable I was. Paris, 1877.)

M. L.

SECOND PRIZE

Something very surprising has happened, and which gives me the greatest pleasure. This morning I received a letter which informed me that Mlle A., whom I so much despised in secret, has left me all her money. Really I can't quite believe it yet, it seems so delightful to be unexpectedly enriched . . . And such a substantial legacy.

What shall I do with it? I, who have enough money to come and go, to paint and travel?

My first thoughts were to give it all to the poor . . . What a lot I could do . . . Presents for the family . . . Found a prize for art students, men and women . . . Re-furnish my studio . . . Then, at least, a thousand francs, each year, for the poor, given quite quietly; no one to say how good, how generous, I am.

Heaven is rewarding me for my money. What a glow of satisfaction I feel already! My pulse beats! . . . I am grown calmer; something must be done, but it would be impossible for me to know what to do, alone. Who dares ignore the social problem?

This idiotic good nature would lead me to give away everything, and makes me rack my brain to think how I can best give pleasure to everybody.

Poor Mlle A. . . . Had I only gone once! I did not do my duty, and I ought to have done it. . . . God will punish me for it. Will my remorse be taken into account? . . . I did not act well. . . . My humiliation is painful. I do not want to make excuses, but mamma knew of her illness, of her death, and I was not told. . . . I am much distressed at not having gone.

MURIEL M. MALVERN

BACK NUMBERS—CXXXIII

IT must be nearly thirty years since Mr. Max Beerbohm wrote what came near to being the final eulogy of Whistler as an artist in prose. It would, according to my memory of it, have been quite final but for insistence, with misleading effect, on the half-truth that Whistler as a writer of prose was an amateur. Max did not complain of that. Far from so doing, he said our loss in the transformation of the amateur into the expert would have been comparable with losing Walter Pater to find John Addington Symonds. It is on these points only, but on these emphatically, that I now make belated protest against an otherwise most admirable appreciation.

* * *

Whistler, in my view of him, was always and in everything an expert. Consider his work as painter, etcher, lithographer, and everywhere there is evident a very scrupulous regard for the particular medium, for its special capacities and limitations. That is the very reverse of what marks the work of the amateur, who may be defined as a man with a general impulse towards art and inadequate science of the instrument. And, then, there will be found in Whistler's paintings and etchings an acute consciousness of his own limitations, inspiring the arrogance of his defence of them and his general parade of his personality. That, again, is not the mark of the amateur.

* * *

When Whistler wrote, he was very well aware that the pen is an instrument with its own capacities and limitations, and what he wrote was not a mere outburst from the studio of an irritated artist but a literary composition as scrupulous, exact and exclusive as his painting or etching. In the art to which the chief energies of his life were given he knew very well that he was incapable of rendering three-fourths of the world of the greatest painters, and he therefore carefully cultivated his natural tendency to ignore wholly what was not to his purpose. He did the same thing in life, with an effect of witty impudence, professing to be uninformed of the very existence of things and people offering him no opportunity for self-expression. He was the man who should have asked, "What are Keats?" It is of him that there should be told the story about the Duke of Devonshire reading in a list of middle-class wedding gifts, "napkin rings," and conducting research into the mysteries of a social world in which napkins were used twice or even oftener.

* * *

Perhaps the most exclusive painter and etcher that there has been, he was not less exclusive as a writer of prose. The one valid hostile criticism of him is that, legitimately choosing only to his purpose, he usually began by narrowing his purpose so extremely. In his controversies, certainly, he chose his enemies as a connoisseur; and more than that, quarrelled only with what they had become in his transmutation of them. The Thames was not more simplified, spiritualized, made the exquisite ghost of itself, by him than the critics who had given him an opportunity. He did not, as they stupidly thought, flay them alive; he made them apt subjects for immortal pictures of critics being flayed. He paid them the compliment of regarding them, in carefully selected aspects, as material for art.

* * *

And if he was so fastidious in selection of enemies and of what in them he would war against, he

chose carefully among the weapons of attack available to him. He knew he was not the complete writer any more than he was the complete painter; and he made for his controversies a style in which his every limitation, as in his paintings and etchings, should be a virtue, the thing not said being artfully made to appear a thing not worth saying in itself or not worth saying by such a master about such an opponent. Often most unfairly detaching single sentences from a critique, he managed to convey, partly by his trick of "so on and so forth," but sometimes in subtler ways, that the solitary indiscretion was not isolated but interminable, that every adverse critic abounded in his own nonsense and would be saying such things to the end of life and in eternity.

* * *

At heart, Whistler was humble enough. The greater part of his argument is only that he is doing lawful things in a lawful way, though the claim is made with a strut and an insolent use of the monocle to discern the infinitesimal creatures who doubt its legitimacy. Almost always, too, there is that implicit compliment of painting the crucifixion of the offenders instead of just crucifying them, of deeming them worthy of his art as a writer of prose. But the man who stabs must not expect his victims to admire the beauty of the duelling weapon or the grace of his lunge or the discrimination with which he has chosen where they shall be wounded. His consolation must be that they look not only hurt but uncouth.

* * *

Whistler, with all deference to Max, was an expert in prose; and, after genuflection, I must object to the Pater-Symonds comparison. Symonds was by no means a typical professional. He was a man of very remarkable, somewhat hectic personality, who was incessantly trying to find himself or forget himself in writing, and never quite managed to do either. As for Pater, the one thing common to him and Whistler was the anxiety of each not to be involved in any irrelevant interest, Pater refusing to read Mr. Kipling lest that "strong writer" should get between him and his own next page just as Whistler elaborately declined to look at the whole world as painter or any but choice portions of his critics as controversialist. There are writers of English prose incomparably greater than Whistler: I will dare to say there is none more expert, at least in delay, acceleration, professedly absent-minded twisting of the sword in the victim, surprise that the creature he has killed was a man and not a dummy set up by the British public.

* * *

It is very much a made style that he uses in that book on 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.' In part, it is a careful transfer into prose of his talk, with the most ingenious devices to suggest what evaporates when talk is reported. The raised eyebrows, the monocle, the expressive hands, are all in the prose, and there, too, are the pauses while a talker hesitates between wounding word and wounding word. The very typography helps. The science which Whistler brought to his writing, as to his painting and etching, was applied to every detail of book production, not least to the placing of the butterfly signature. An amateur! He was the cunningest of experts.

STET

REVIEWS

CRICKET IN BOOKS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Turn of the Wheel. By P. G. H. Fender. Faber and Faber. 15s.

The Summer Game. By Neville Cardus. Cayme Press. 6s.

A Cricket Bag. By James Thorpe. Wells, Gardner, Darton. 7s. 6d.

THE literature of cricket continues so to proliferate that I, who a few years ago set aside for it a modest portion of a shelf, am beginning to regard it with the uneasiness with which one day Australia found herself looking at the rabbit. Only quite recently Mr. Noble produced an imposing volume on the last series of Test matches—the third of the sort he has written, all of them imposing volumes. Now here comes Mr. Fender with close on four hundred pages on the same subject, got up to look like the life of a statesman. And, if I am not mistaken, there are more behind—surely Mr. Macartney will shortly be coming out to bat? I was once informed that the English public, no matter what its enthusiasm for cricket, has but a small appetite for books on it. If that be indeed so, then there must be a larger number of publishers who are disinterestedly devoted to the game, or who do not know their own business, than I should have thought at all likely.

We must find, I suppose, in the leisureliness and the complexity of cricket its great attraction to the writer. It is possible to see a match steadily and see it whole and to analyse it, as it proceeds, in such manner as to preserve it in the memory. It is not a perpetual rush, like football under either code, in which the acutest and most experienced spectator is always liable to lose, for an essential moment or two, the thread of events. Neither spectator nor player is hurried: cricket consists of a series of isolated moments, each complete in itself, in the intervals between which impressions can be consolidated in the mind.

As for its complexity, the variety of factors which both captain and critic must take into account, in this it is unrivalled by any other game. The batting order, the placing of the field, the changing of the bowling are matters on which many volumes might be, and indeed have been, written. To these must be added the arts of the batsman and the bowler in themselves, length, spin, swerve, defensive play, forcing strokes, how to knock a bowler off, how to cozen a batsman to his doom. It is no wonder that here the relatively old maintain their supremacy so much longer than in other games: experience compensates for what the passage of the years has taken away. Mr. Fender tells us one little story which indicates the value of a seasoned veteran to his side:

During his innings Hobbs did a thing I have known him do once or twice before, but not often, and a thing which conveyed more to me than I suppose to any other man on the ground, player or spectator. He signalled for another bat, and when it was taken out to him, he felt it and tried it, and then sent it back and went on with his old one. Something was in the wind, he had a message to send in, and when he got out the answer was manifest.

Jack had suggested that Jardine should bat next in an effort to save Hammond and Hendren till the next day. Jack saw the ghost of a chance of winning if this could be done, and Jardine was the one man in the side best fitted to do the job. Chapman saw the wisdom of the suggestion, and very rightly he acted upon it. Never did he do a wiser thing as captain during the whole series.

There is a touch of Ulysses in this, and Hobbs might well be called the Ulysses of cricket, if the title had not been irrevocably reserved for Wilfred Rhodes. On this occasion he must have based his

opinion on a vast experience of bowlers and batsmen, and of wickets in general, and the Melbourne wicket in particular.

If it is a game having resources of variety within itself, it produces an equal variety in the responses of its devotees. To Mr. Fender, cricket is war, and he finds it, as Napoleon did his sort of war, *une belle occupation*. It is for this reason that he has a good word to say for the week-long battle of wits and endurance that is set going by a Test match in Australia. Conditions have changed, but they still provide opportunities for generalship, and for generalship of a sort that fascinates him. For Mr. Cardus, on the other hand, it is mainly a spectacle with an appeal not dissimilar to that of the Russian Ballet. He revels in the natures of the players as revealed on the field, in the grace of their actions. Cricket is not war for him, it is an art, and he does not really mind who wins. As often as not, I suspect, he does not care whether anyone wins so long as some fine player has been given an opportunity to show what he can do. Here is a specimen of what he habitually looks for and what he always describes best:

The imagination boggles at the notion of a better driving innings against fast bowling than Hammond's 178 at Manchester in May, 1927. The mingled strength and sweetness of his cover shots I cannot hope to describe in words. If I sit down, close my eyes and think of all the glorious batsmanship I have ever seen—even then the bloom and power of Hammond's innings remain warmly and incomparably in my mind. The possibilities of this boy Hammond are beyond the scope of estimation; I tremble with delight at the very thought of the grandeur he will spread over our cricket fields when he has come to maturity.

For Mr. Thorpe cricket is a game generally played on Saturday afternoons. He is a club cricketer of the highest class; that is to say, a representative of the backbone of the game as a game. He does not take his recreation too seriously or too scientifically, nor yet in too light-hearted a spirit. He believes that what is worth doing is worth doing as well as circumstances permit, but after all there are other things to think about between Saturday and Saturday. He has thus written a book which contains the very atmosphere of club cricket, as far removed from the aesthetic raptures of Mr. Cardus as from the martial ferocity of Mr. Fender. On one point he seems to me to be no better than a crank. He demands the expulsion of the left-handed batsman from all sorts of cricket, on the ground that his only function is to waste time and to tire and irritate the fieldsmen. I agree that he is often vexatious and not worth the trouble he causes: as I once heard a player of my acquaintance vehemently assert, "For a Number 11 to bat left-handed is neither more nor less than a damnable affectation." But a rule that would have deprived us of Clem Hill, Joe Darling, Warren Bardsley, Frank Woolley and J. M. Gregory (to name no more) seems to me to approach the confines of insanity. It is not true that the left-hander, at his best, merely takes "an unfair advantage: an advantage that is not the result of skill, but only of physical peculiarity." Is it possible to imagine Woolley batting in the same style, or in a style equally lovely, if he had been a right-hander? Moreover, is there any "unfair advantage" in the obstacle that a left-handed bat can so often oppose to the ravages of a left-handed bowler? (I speak here with personal feeling, but with an impartiality on which I am inclined to congratulate myself.) Apart from this, Mr. Thorpe is extremely sane, and I cannot imagine any club cricketer reading his book without both profit and enjoyment.

These three writers, then, are of very different sorts, but they are all devoted to cricket, and they all can communicate the enthusiasm they feel for their subject. As a writer, Mr. Cardus stands, of course, head and shoulders above the other two. Some of

his essays ought to be in any anthology of English prose. He should be warned, however, against the journalist's danger of repeating himself. Mr. Fender has still to learn some of the elementary rules of English grammar: as an author, he is, so to speak, slovenly in the field. But his keenness and his concentrated acuteness of judgment make up for a good deal.

WYATT

The Poetry of Sir Thomas Wyatt. A Selection and a Study. By E. M. W. Tillyard. Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.

WYATT was for nearly three hundred years either neglected or esteemed for the wrong reasons. In his own day his poetry, when not regarded as merely the incidental accomplishment of a brilliant young soldier and diplomat, was valued for the proof of the less original portions of it gave that an Englishman could emulate the Italians. Tottell, who in 1557 put some ninety of Wyatt's poems into his Miscellany, seems to have had a suspicion of Wyatt's real temper, for he wrote of "the weightiness of the deep-witted Sir Thomas Wyatt." But it was speedily assumed that Wyatt was simply a less smooth Surrey. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries he virtually disappeared from view, and Warton, from whom a better opinion might have been expected, thought he exhibited observation and satirical didacticism rather than any strictly poetic virtue. Misconception of him continues, despite the excellent editorial work done by Nott in 1816, and Courthope's independent and discerning eulogy in his 'History of English Poetry.' We cordially welcome, therefore, this judicious and scholarly selection accompanied by a full, sympathetic, and well-argued Introduction.

We may hope that Mr. Tillyard has now made it impossible for Wyatt to be denied his due. Far from being what he is usually presented as, Wyatt had the nature that might have made him a great poet. What Donne, speaking of himself, called "masculine persuasive force" was in a large measure Wyatt's. He was very much a man, and, if only spasmodically, understood the value to a poet of being that. The drama of his own life was vivid to his imagination. It is no trifler, but a proud, blunt, impatient, above all restless being that speaks to us in his really characteristic poems: speaks, alas, in a language not yet ready for his message. The change that had come over English had robbed it of a metrical standard, except where music had given it equivalent guidance, and Wyatt was born into the shambling prosodical world of the early Tudors. His own skill in music and the cultivation of music at the Court generally keep him safe in slightly fashioned lyrics, and on occasion he sings almost like the enchanting song-writers of Elizabeth's reign; but in the ampler and slower measures, which should have been the instruments for the expression of what was deepest in him, he can but stutter.

Certainly, even in the awkward sonnets there are splendid single lines; above all, the superb

The stars be hid that led me to this pain.

But it is to the lyrics that we are sent when we ask for more than isolated great lines. It is needless to dwell on their obvious excellence; the best of them are in all the anthologies. What it is necessary to do is to point out that by their very nature the lyrics can hardly more than hint at the passionate, forthright nature of this man. For that we are thrown back mostly on brief outbursts in sonnet and epigram, each unsatisfactory as a whole.

What rage is this? What furour of what kind?

It is a rage to which he can give only intermittent expression, but the quality of the emotion is such as has made great poetry before and after Wyatt. Mr. Tillyard has his own way of setting forth this truth, and it is not in all respects such as we should adopt, but he is well aware what manner of man he is editing and has rendered a substantial service to English poetry.

T. E. W.

JACK KETCH

The Hangmen of England. By Horace Bleackley. Chapman and Hall. 16s.

AT last the hangmen of England have found a worthy historian, and Mr. Bleackley a subject after his own heart. It may, perhaps, be said without offence that he was never quite at his ease among the "beautiful duchesses," the "ladies, fair and frail," the politicians and adventurers who have formed the subjects of his earlier books. The jests with which he has attempted to conceal his embarrassment in such company have worn an unfortunate air of mere facetiousness. The truth is, the subjects were unworthy of him; he needed stronger meat. Among the hangmen, at last, he finds himself at home. His facetiousness becomes urbanity; his gentle irony and lightness of touch are precisely suited to a subject which the English nation has resolutely refused to take too seriously. Other nations may shudder at their executioners; we have more often laughed at our Jack Ketch.

Moreover, there was ample scope here for Mr. Bleackley's undoubted gifts as a chronicler and searcher out of records. Largely because we have preferred to jeer at our hangmen, ignoring their christenings and lumping them all under the common nick-name of "Jack Ketch," they have fallen into an undeserved obscurity. Even the newspaper reports of hangings, though suppressed as undesirable half a century ago, were written with a studied restraint which, one can only hope, would be emulated in similar circumstances to-day. The hangman's name, as often as not, was omitted altogether; and that, no doubt, is why Mr. Bleackley is able to tell us nothing of the last moments of some of the most famous criminals—for instance, Dick Turpin and Captain Kidd. Our hangmen have suffered a social ostracism little merited by their public services. As Mr. Bleackley points out, the necessity to perform unpleasant duties in other walks of life involves no stigma. "The occupations of the dentist, the dustman, the butcher, the sanitary inspector and the man-midwife are frequently of an unsavoury description, and yet we do not ostracize these persons in consequence." Mr. Bleackley has set himself to lift this shadow from our hangmen's lives. It may be admitted that they were, on the whole, rather a dull lot. No doubt, it is desirable, and even necessary, that a man undertaking such duties should carry insensitiveness to a point at which it becomes difficult to dramatize him or get any really snappy copy out of him. But hath not a hangman eyes—"hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" Undoubtedly he has. And Mr. Bleackley, without too far straining the few facts at his disposal, has succeeded remarkably well in his congenial task of bringing these macabre figures to life again, indicating their personal idiosyncrasies and their different styles of workmanship, and so making us see them for the first time as separate individuals, both in their public and private lives.

There was, for instance, that pleasant fellow, John Hooper, who officiated between the years 1728 and 1735. Though stated to have been incredibly ugly, he was a merry soul and took an unaffected pleasure in his work. He would turn a man off with a hearty laugh

—which was, at any rate, an improvement upon the surly demeanour of most of his colleagues, who, as Mr. Bleackley puts it, had "a bad bedside manner." Next there came the tender-hearted Thrift, who more than once burst into tears on the scaffold—a professional weakness, no doubt, but one which brought in many an honest guinea from the Jacobite nobles of the '45 whose heads it was his duty to cut off. But he lacked nerve, and his aim with the axe was so uncertain that the unfortunate Jacobites would probably have done better with some less kindly but more workmanlike performer. Poor Thrift in his later years was plagued by nightmares, in which the figures of these same Jacobite lords played a prominent part. Insomnia may have hastened his end. To add to his worries, a Jacobite mob attacked his house and in the scuffle he killed one of his assailants, and was very nearly brought to Tyburn himself for it. Happily the justices were pro-Hanoverian to a man. Thrift's immediate successors were more sinister figures; the most notable was Tom Turlis, "a zealous, energetic, efficient executioner, imperturbable at a crisis, undismayed by brickbats and dead cats." This, as Mr. Bleackley says, was the "golden age of the gallows," when even wealthy forgers were hanged.

But the most famous hangmen were those of the nineteenth century—especially William Calcroft, whose long reign lasted from 1829 to 1874, who kept tame rabbits and pigeons, and liked to show his little granddaughter over the prison, leading her gently by the hand. He had a long white beard and evil eyes. It is recorded of him in his old age that he "never could remember whom he had hanged and whom he had not." He was succeeded by the great William Marwood, who became a popular celebrity, and was undoubtedly the most skilful operator in the whole list. He introduced many reforms designed to expedite the criminal's passing: indeed, his methods are largely followed to this day.

And with that great name we may fittingly close. This is a remarkably good book, which will be read by all kinds of people. It deserves the place of honour in every hangman's library.

PSYCHO-ANALYTIC HISTORY

Louis XIV in Love and War. By Sisley Huddleston. Cape. 18s.

LIKE other enquiries, history suffers from the disadvantage that nothing short of omniscience will suffice for a finally satisfactory answer. So in every generation it has to be written all over again and it has sometimes seemed that history was becoming simply the history of historiography. With advance in science come new embarrassments and Mr. Sisley Huddleston offers an early example of the influence of psycho-analysis on the writing of history. But for Dr. Adler, he tells us, and the inferiority-complex, this book could not have been written. We have had to wait longer than we expected for this development, which we do not regret. How far psychology will prove the key of keys remains to be seen. That it is capable of giving very valuable help is not open to question.

Here is Mr. Huddleston's reading of the character of Louis XIV :

His strength was built on weakness, on his intimate consciousness of weakness. Louis XIV would never have been such a great king (and the history of Europe would therefore have been inconceivably different) had not the boy, born in that thronged chamber, been shamefully treated for years, the most impressionable years of adolescence. His misery was the well-manured soil in which grew his glory. His majesty sprang from his meanness. His incredible ambitions could come only from his sense of impotence. His extraordinary mastery was the manifestation of a haunting fear of failure.

Otherwise, Mr. Huddleston, with Saint-Simon, regards Louis as a perfect specimen of mediocrity and it is an opinion fairly commonly held. It is worth while to compare with it the judgment of the most learned of English historians :

Louis XIV was by far the ablest man who was born in modern times on the steps of a throne. He was laborious and devoted nine hours a day to public business. He had an excellent memory and immense fertility of resource. Few men knew how to pursue such complex political calculations, or to see so many moves ahead. He was patient and constant and unwearied, and there is a persistent unity in his policy, founded, not on likes and dislikes, but on the unvarying facts in the political stage of Europe. Every European state was included in his system, and had its part in the game. His management of each was so dexterous that diplomacy often made war superfluous and sometimes made it successful.

Are these views as opposed as they seem or can they be combined? Probably the truth is that we attempt to over-simplify. The Louis XIV in whom Mr. Huddleston is interested is the actual individual. The Louis XIV of the political historian is that same individual as a force in a complex political entity, served by secretaries, diplomatists and a host of others. There is a difference. None the less, the search for psychological accuracy has its fascination and Mr. Huddleston's account of Louis XIV's reign, written in psychological terms, has a value, for it focuses rays of light which are commonly somewhat neglected. And we are stimulated to ask questions, such as How far was Louis's "inferiority-complex" due to fewness of inches? A vast field awaits the historian with an equipment in psychology. Mr. Huddleston might turn to William III or Talleyrand or Lenin. In fact there are no limits, for we might go on to the psychology of peoples, a task already in part attempted by a distinguished scholar. How far does the Gaul of Cæsar's estimate persist—the Gaul who

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chiefly loved two things: *rem militarem et argute loqui?* Too facile judgments of groups may easily become merely vulgar, but we cannot and do not dispense with them altogether. But the study of the psychology of historic individuals may be more precise and it may be claimed that herein lies the assured superiority of the study of modern history, for in no other period are the materials so copious. Mr. Huddleston's application of Adlerian ideas to the interpretation of the character of Louis XIV is of genuine interest, and if it caters for the encroaching biographical vogue it is vastly superior to the merely fanciful and bright portraits with which we have become so tiresomely familiar.

A GERMAN VIEW OF LABOUR

Portrait of the Labour Party. By Egon Wertheimer. Putnam. 5s.

B RITISH politics and politicians appear to have a remarkable attraction for the modern German, and this book is intended by the author to explain the Labour movement to his fellow-countrymen. Herr Wertheimer is exceptionally well qualified for his task, since he is the London Correspondent of *Vorwärts*, and even those who do not agree with his judgments must admit that he has done his work so thoroughly that much of it will be new even to the English reader. The book was written before the last General Election, but that in no way detracts from its value.

Not unnaturally, Herr Wertheimer is at considerable pains to point out the differences between British and Continental Socialism, and he finds that the principal one is that anti-clericalism finds no place in the Labour programme: to this he attributes the support it receives from women, and his observation appears to have been justified by the results of the polling in May. Equally significant is the absence of Jews from the Socialist ranks in Great Britain, whereas abroad they are full of them. The author, however, is not on such safe ground when he claims the presence of men like Sir Oswald Mosley in the Labour Party as a distinctive feature of British Socialism, and he is a little too inclined to read Germany and Austria for the Continent. The revolutionary aristocrat has a long if not always highly creditable ancestry in France, and at the present time there are probably fewer working-men among the French Socialist deputies than there are on the Government benches at Westminster. M. Blum is hardly a typical member of the proletariat, while Lenin himself was an aristocrat by birth.

More important is the different position of the Trade Unions in the British Isles and abroad, for here they dominate the Socialist Party, while there the situation is reversed. Indeed, this is the real distinction between British and foreign Socialism, and Herr Wertheimer proves his worth as a critic by the prominence he gives to it.

When he turns from the composition and programme of Labour to its future the author becomes extremely cautious. He sees very clearly what he considers to be the danger of its becoming little more than Liberalism under another name, in which case he considers "it is highly improbable that the millions of workers organized in Trade Unions would accept without a murmur this surrender of Socialism." Since Herr Wertheimer wrote, Labour, or at any rate its leader, has proceeded further along the Liberal path, and we shall soon see whether the cleavage which the author predicts becomes an accomplished fact. Perhaps the want of an independent majority may postpone any such disruption.

Not the least interesting part of the book is that which is devoted to a series of pen-portraits of the

British Labour leaders. Of the present Prime Minister, the author is obviously not enamoured:

In those political circles in London where a goodly proportion of political opinion is formed, his personal unpopularity is almost unexampled. His colleagues . . . complain of his inaccessibility, his deliberate isolation from those on whose loyalty and devotion the success of any future Labour Government depends, and of his schoolmasterish condescension, his hyper-sensitiveness and vanity. He moves to-day in a personal vacuum that is almost painful to behold.

Mr. Thomas receives less than justice—his famous dress-suit seems to deprive him of Herr Wertheimer's sympathies. Mr. Snowden's figure is "eloquent of tragedy," while the real hope of Labour seems to be Sir Oswald Mosley.

The author closes upon a note of interrogation rather than of definite hope. He sees no danger of a split caused from within by the I.L.P., or of any success attending the Communist attack from without, but as a member of the Second International he is obviously none too happy all the same. The strength of tradition in British public life has clearly impressed him, and he is afraid that it will so affect the Labour movement as to make it unrecognizable by any true Marxian as a Socialist organization at all. As a German Socialist Herr Wertheimer would regard such a development as the end of all things, for he is under no illusions as to the decay of Socialism on the Continent, and it is upon British Labour that the parties of the Left all over Europe place their hope of making headway against the anti-democratic forces which look to Fascist Rome for inspiration. However, whether or not the author's fears are the reader's hopes, this book is one of the most interesting and important works of political criticism that has appeared of recent years.

THE THAKE'S PROGRESS

Mr. Thake. By "Beachcomber." Bles. 7s. 6d.

I N the social chronology of this nation all events must henceforth be dated pre-Thake or post-Thake. Mr. J. B. Morton's book is a thing after which we as a people can never be quite the same. Either this incarnation of all that makes us what we are, except in poetry and the administration of alien races, will send us all recoiling into acted and spoken paradox or by its dreadful fascination set us all reproducing the words and deeds of Mr. Oswald Thake. We shall either flee from the mirror or develop a Narcissus complex. But the mirror will endure.

Something permanent has here been added to our literature, and to the surprise of those who have most admired the work done, day by day, by its author. That the freakish and saltatory mind of Mr. Morton should have controlled itself through nearly the whole of a volume, denying itself the opportunities of which it is wont to take such swift and fantastic advantage, in order to depict the supreme British ass with absolute respect for artistic truth: that is indeed matter for amazement. St. Anthony, after all, resisted only the temptations surrender to which would have lost him his status; here is a writer who persistently ignores the temptations embrace of which has given him his, as the best day-in, day-out humorous commentator of his generation.

Of Mr. Thake we can scarcely trust ourselves to write. He may be guaranteed to say exactly the wrong thing, in the most natural way, without violating the probabilities, indeed with a terrible probability, for he is an unconscious and well-nigh infallible artist in saying what oft was thought before but ne'er so flatly expressed. He is more than insular; he makes the rest of us at our narrowest seem peninsular. It is not idly or by accident that he writes

where masters matter enormously more than boys. It is a charged atmosphere, utterly unlike that in which most boys live; and it may safely be predicted that it will astound Mr. Lubbock's schoolfellows if they happen to read the book. Of its truth, that is, truth to his own sense of Eton, there can be no doubt. The selection of detail is well-nigh faultless; the tone of literary voice is carefully maintained. So fine a work of art, in so rare a kind, deserves a longer notice than we are giving it, but we have a good reason for brevity. To deal with this book at length we should have to cite, and in citing to stress, particular passages; in other words, we should have to tear pieces out of the considered and beautiful pattern.

THE READING ROOM

The Reading Room of the British Museum. By G. F. Barwick. Benn. 10s. 6d.

LIKE the Café de la Paix and one or two other places scattered over the earth, the Reading Room of the British Museum is a spot where, if you only sit long enough, you will see everyone who is of interest in your particular world, together with many others whose presence leaves no impression on the memory. Cardinals and Anglican bishops, peers and ministers of the Crown, use this room from time to time as much as penniless exiles and humble copyists at the other end of the social scale. People come from the ends of the earth to read there, Russian professors in the old days to read Russian books unattainable in their own country, Frenchmen to read French books, and all, from far or near, to work in an atmosphere, free from petty and harassing regulations, imbued only with the idea of service to the cause of knowledge.

The Reading Room has, as far as the memory of any present reader goes, been exceptionally fortunate in its Superintendents. Dr. Garnett's fame has passed into a myth; his foible was omniscience; Mr. Fortescue knew more about the pamphlet literature of the Fronde and of the French Revolution than any French scholar, and he inaugurated the great Subject-Index of the British Museum Library, which gives the name of substantially every book of importance on any subject that has been published anywhere since 1880; Mr. Barwick himself re-modelled one of the most important sections of the library catalogue before he became Superintendent, and the tradition is still carried on.

The history of the Reading Room, as apart from that of the Library, is Mr. Barwick's subject, and he has collected a store of information, much of it new and the rest of it brought together from many obscure sources, about early readers and the accommodation provided for them. It is a story of uninterrupted progress, but progress has its drawbacks, and one old reader may be permitted, in these days of stern repression of conversation and of rigid economy in heating, to look back with something like envy to the picture of half a dozen scholars standing round the fire at the end of the room chatting to each other—provided, of course, that he was one of the privileged.

Mr. Barwick has added to the interest and usefulness of his book by printing in an appendix the rules for cataloguing used in the Library, most valuable in finding old books of which the author is unknown. His pages contain memories of many of the great and distinguished who have used the Library, but we note that he is not interested in such readers as Karl Marx or Lenin, or, indeed, most of the revolutionary leaders of Europe, in the development of whose theories the British Museum has had no small share. The book is well produced and is illustrated by prints and drawings.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Summer Holiday or Gibraltar. By Naomi Royde-Smith. Constable. 7s. 6d.

The Further Side of No-Man's Land. By V. W. W. S. Purcell. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Frolic Wind. By Richard Oke. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Duke of York's Steps. By Henry Wade. Constable. 7s. 6d.

MISS NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH excels in describing the squalor of holiday resorts. Ruthlessly she exposes the hollowness of their efforts to make life brighter. Their notions of decoration and diversion arouse all the fury of her satiric pen, and for the visitors who are imposed on by these gauds she feels the liveliest contempt. But, like many others, she can best sympathize when she first despises. It is clear that she regards Rockhead as a hole, the Métropole as a vulgar and pretentious hotel, the Skinners, father, mother and daughter, as most ordinary people. Even George Esdaile, the admired violinist with whom poor Winnie Skinner falls in love and whose playing has a touch of genius, has no taste at all in matters outside his art:

The Station Café was a modest establishment with marble-topped tables screwed down to the floor and a counter across the far end, on which urns of ever-boiling tea hissed between large aquarium-like glass vessels full of a cloudy liquid with slices of exhausted lemon floating on its surface. . . . Framed and glazed advertisements of Ginger-beer and Soda-water hung above the brown and yellow paper of the wall, and one or two unframed railway and motor-bus time-tables were pinned beneath them. There seemed to be rather more flies in the café than was quite fair. . . . When the waitress



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returned with the tea and lemonade on a tray, which she balanced on one side of the table while she wiped its marble top over with a damp swab held in one hand, the flies were so heavy with strawberry-flavoured syrup that they rose no further than the woman's wrist, settling on it as if mistaking its hot, moist pinkness for the flesh of some great strawberry with which the jam had been originally flavoured . . .

"Not a bad little place," said George Esdale, pouring out his tea for himself, "if you want to get away from the crowd."

This is a fair example of Miss Royde-Smith's attitude towards her subject; the contempt is more apparent than the sympathy. But as the love-affair progresses, beauty makes itself felt through the wretchedness. How brief and natural seems the transition between Winnie's devotion to chocolates and her devotion to her lover! And his feeling for her, how insensibly it changes from flirtation to passion. From the start it was a hopeless affair; George was a married man bent (so it seems) on amusing himself; and it attains tragic proportions simply through Miss Royde-Smith's skill in handling it, through her very insistence on its most ignominious aspects, chief among them being the intervention of Mr. Beelum. He is a real creation, with his meanness masquerading as chivalry; and nothing in the rest of the book quite comes up to the first scene where, "with the air of using politeness as a weapon of offence," he goes in search of the missing newspaper. It is irresistibly comic, as are most of the earlier chapters, and we should like to go on laughing longer than Miss Royde-Smith allows us. In deference to the coming tragedy she is obliged to be sparing with the irony which is one of her greatest assets. The prelude to the *dénouement*, Winnie's theft, flight and oncoming hysteria, is powerfully and convincingly told. The *dénouement* itself is not, to my thinking, quite a success. It is almost too spectacular. But the book as a whole is certainly one of the best Miss Royde-Smith has done, which is saying a lot.

Good novels about the war are fairly plentiful, and now to their number must be added 'The Further Side of No-Man's Land.' The hero is an intellectual and incidentally a good soldier. Mr. Purcell takes him rather seriously:

His eyes were far away, his sensitive mouth, a queer combination of the mobile and the rigid, was pursed with vexation; while at the same time a light with small beginnings in the little depression at the left corner of his lips would seek to break across his countenance. This was the man reasoning with himself about what he called his "values."

Playing bridge with fellow prisoners he was apt to be absent-minded:

He was wondering to himself whether Rembrandt got his high light with chrome or madder when he should have been thinking whether he should lead a heart or a spade, and was trying to recollect what sort of sauce went with lobster when he should have been counting the trumps.

Under the guise of criticism Mr. Purcell is clearly well content with his hero's foibles, and thankful that he is not as other men. Malony is in fact rather a superior young man, flown with intellectual pride, and at first one does not find him sympathetic. As a prisoner of war he certainly receives harsh treatment from the Germans: if the book is an argument against war it is also an argument against loving one's enemies. He portrays them in the colours of war-time propaganda: heavy, stupid, vindictive and humourless. But Malony seems to have had an idea that he ought to be welcomed on foreign soil with open arms, and that the German guards ought to have connived at the escape of their charges. He is always enlarging on the indignity with which he has been treated. But the book becomes enthralling when the seven English prisoners are safely installed in "Blitzburg." They are men of very different types, and, in describing them, the slight angularity of Mr. Purcell's mind serves him in good stead. The prisoners fall out because they get on each other's

nerves, but Mr. Purcell's eye pierces through their momentary disagreements into their fundamental incompatibilities.

'Frolic Wind' is a work of the modern school. Its author has read both Mr. Aldous Huxley and Mr. Ronald Firbank, and his own book shows that he has marked and inwardly digested them. Like Mr. Firbank's, his characters have odd names and odder tastes and a flamboyant setting: like Mr. Huxley's they meet in a sort of carnival symposium to exhibit and discuss tendencies and problems of modern society. Its ancestry is not against the book. Mr. Huxley and Mr. Firbank are both lively, coloured and up-to-date writers, and so is their imitator. The world he describes is not like the real world; the conversations are not like real conversations; the characters (and this is a comforting thought) are not like real characters. But they are not meant to be. What they are meant to be is eccentric and vivacious and daring, and these things they are. The book indeed has a moral, though it is not easy to discern exactly. As far as one can discern it, it appears to be that happiness is best achieved by stripping oneself naked and careering about a garden on a summer night. This is not very sensible, but again the book is not meant to be. It spins along its course as vivid, vertiginous, inconsequent and metallic as a top, giving the same brief pleasure that a top gives.

'The Duke of York's Steps' is a good story, but not so ingenious as 'The Verdict of You All.' As in most detective stories, the characters are unreal and unconvincing, and we feel little interest in what befalls them. The plot's the thing, and the plot here is good but not remarkable. The motive and identity of the murderer are disclosed quite early, and his second identity, meant to come as a surprise, is unmistakably hinted at. A readable story, but we expected something more original from Mr. Wade.

SHORTER NOTICES

A Diary of St. Helena: Containing the Conversations of Napoleon with Sir Pulteney Malcolm, 1816-17. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

THERE is no reason to suppose that, at the fall of Napoleon, the British navy, as a whole, felt any more friendly disposed towards the Corsican usurper than did the army. Nelson's "I hate a Frenchman like the devil" probably summed up the general feeling in the Fleet—and it would have seemed a silly piece of fanaticism to Wellington. But Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who happened to be senior naval officer on the Cape Station when Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, was of a somewhat exceptional type. Both he and his wife seem to have appreciated from the first that anything connected with Napoleon, and especially any sayings of his, would have an interest for posterity far transcending the twopenny-halfpenny squabbles which kept that strait-laced military officer, Sir Hudson Lowe, away from Longwood. The Malcolms visited the mighty exile as often as they decently could, and Sir Pulteney developed quite a talent for bringing the great man out, while his wife has put us under an even greater debt by including it all in her diary. It is this diary, first published in a small edition in 1899, which is now offered at a popular price. It deserves to succeed. Lord Rosebery and Dr. Holland Rose have drawn upon it; but it is very little known to the general public, who will doubtless be interested to discover Napoleon's views on, say, the British income tax (which he much admired and would, undoubtedly, have introduced into France if he had ruled a little longer), on Ossian and on the English aristocracy, and, above all, his well-known comment on Waterloo: "By the rules of war I should have gained the battle. . . . Wellington ought to have retreated."

Magic in Greek and Latin Literature. By J. E. Lowe. Oxford: Blackwell. 6s.

IN this brief and sensible book Mr. Lowe contents himself with two or three definitions by scholars concerning the relations of magic and religion and collects with exact references and a few comments the chief records of magical practices in Greece and Rome. It might have been useful to separate the two main senses of magic as given by Johnson, "The art of putting in action the powers of spirits" and "The secret operations of natural powers." The latter includes the wide-

spread doctrine of signatures in plants. No association of ideas in symbolism is a main source of magic and the wax figure stabbed with pins is in the 'Ingoldsby Legends' as well as ancient lore. We have heard of the Evil Eye in an English village. The frequent use of spitting which Mr. Lowe records recalls the curious idea to-day that you can impose your will on an animal if it takes your spittle. There is a chapter on necromancy, which is one of many sorts of divination, such as the odd coscinomancy with the sieve. Professor Murray uses the adjective "magic" in his translations of Euripides, when there is nothing to correspond to it in the Greek. The Greeks were less keen about this supernatural business, learnt or reinforced through Oriental influences, than the duller-witted Romans. Apuleius is a capital source for magic and we have his 'Apologia' on being accused of it, on which Mr. Lowe might have said more. He was so wicked as to use tooth-powder and dissect fishes!

The last chapter in the book gives biographies of seven famous witches. Circe, the most attractive, was, it appears, Medea's aunt and her origin has been traced to Persia.

Sea-Lore. By Stanley Rogers. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

MR. ROGERS, as his habit is, covers an astonishing amount of ground. He finds space in his first two chapters for a rough sketch of the history of ships from the earliest times, and in the next two for a lightning survey of the achievements of the leading navigators. Then follow chapters on the "language" of the sea (not only the parrot's), sea superstitions and methods of discipline, whaling, shipwrecks, lost treasure, and a selection of some famous sea adventures—all very slight, of course, but extraordinarily bright and readable, and with just sufficient knowledge in the background to save them from mere triviality. Or perhaps Mr. Rogers knows more than we think, but fears to bore the young. At any rate, he is disarmingly modest. In his preface he explains that his book aspires to nothing higher than to be an introduction to a further interest in the subject. "It informs a little (to those who wish to be informed), and diverts a little (for those who seek an entertainment)"—which really describes the book very well; except that the second "little" should read "a lot."

Notable British Trials: Jean Pierre Vaquier. Edited by R. H. Blundell and R. E. Seaton. Edinburgh: Hodge. 10s. 6d.

If there is really anything "notable" about this particular trial it must be looked for, not in its legal aspects, nor in the squalid lives and surroundings of the people chiefly concerned, but simply in the extraordinary personality of the

excitable little mountebank who perpetrated the crime. All murderers are made slightly comic by their egoism, but in this respect Jean Pierre Vaquier stands out alone. Having seduced the wife of a drunken English inn-keeper, he proceeded to murder her husband with an enormous dose of strychnine, and was obviously astounded when the wife, instead of applauding his conduct, sent for the police. At first he enjoyed the trial. He wore clean linen every day and perfumed his long black beard. But when things began to go against him he tried to swear away the lives of innocent people in order to save his own; and he was finally carried, kicking and screaming, from the dock, after hearing a sentence that few murderers can more obviously have deserved. Messrs. Blundell and Seaton have done what editing was required with care.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

MEMOIRS OF LORENZO DA PONTE. Translated by L. A. Sheppard.

Routledge. 15s.

LIFE OF JOHN KEATS. By Albert Erlande. Translated by Marion

Robinson. Cape. 7s. 6d. (July 15.)

THE HITTITE EMPIRE. By John Garstang. Constable. 25s.

(July 18.)

HARLEQUINADE. By Constance Collier. The Bodley Head.

15s.

JAMES WOLFE. By W. T. Waugh. Brentano's. 21s.

A SEARCH FOR AMERICA. By Frederick Philip Grove. Brentano's.

12s. 6d.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

THE MAN, CHRIST JESUS. By J. Lamond. Simpkin Marshall.

3s. 6d.

SEEKERS AND SAINTS. By W. J. Ferrar. S.P.C.K. 6s.

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH. By Burnett Hillman Streeter. Mac-

millan. 8s. 6d.

MAN AND CIVILIZATION. By John Storck. Constable. 15s.

BLAKE AND MODERN THOUGHT. By D. Saurat. Constable.

14s. (July 18.)

THE IDEA OF VALUE. By John Laird. Cambridge University

Press. 18s.

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From "My Lady Nicotine"

NOTHING is more pitiable than the way some men of my acquaintance enslave themselves to tobacco. Nay, worse, they make an idol of some one particular tobacco. I know a man who considers a certain mixture so superior to all others that he will walk three miles for it. Surely everyone will admit that this is lamentable. It is not even a good mixture, for I used to try it occasionally; and if there is one man in London who knows tobaccos it is myself. There is only one Mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly

be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived. How I tore the lid off the canister! That is a tobacco to live for.

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A MANX SCRAPBOOK. By W. Walter Gill. Arrowsmith. 15s.
ON THE BOTTOM. By Commander Edward Ellsberg. Constable.
10s.
SUSSEX. By J. H. Ford. Knopf. 4s.

VERSE AND DRAMA

KEEPERS OF YOUTH. By Arnold Ridley. Benn. 3s. 6d. and 5s.
FOUR PLAYS. By Philip Johnson. Benn. 10s. 6d.
THE FRONT PAGE. By Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.
Cayme Press. 7s. 6d.
LAYS OF SCOTTISH CAVALIERS. By William Edmonston
Ayton. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 3s. 6d.
EXILED. By John Galsworthy. Duckworth. 3s. and 2s. 6d.
THE RIVER OF MUSIC. By Arthur Orison Dillon. The Progress-
Bulletin Publishing Company, Pomona, California.

FICTION

TATTER'D LOVING. By Phyllis Bottome. Collins. 7s. 6d.
DEVIL'S DRUM. By Lord Gorell. Murray. 7s. 6d.
THE GOLDEN STONE. By D. A. G. Pearson. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
THE SECOND GUESS. By Walter C. Brown. Lippincott. 7s. 6d.
THE STRING OF PEARLS. By Hedwig Courths-Mahler. Lippin-
cott. 7s. 6d.
THE INFALLIBLE SYSTEM. By Charles Kingston. The Bodley
Head. 7s. 6d.
LIFE—AND A FORTNIGHT. By Margaret Peterson. Benn. 7s. 6d.
DEATH ON THE DOWNS. By Anthony Marsden. Jarrold.
7s. 6d.
A STOREE'S LOG. By Henry Vincent. Jarrold. 5s.
DAVID MARCH. By J. S. Fletcher. Jarrold. 7s. 6d.
THE CRIMSON QUERY. By Arlton Eadie. Jarrold. 7s. 6d.
CLOTH OF GOLD. By Elswyth Thane. Murray. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS. By Cyril Davenport. Methuen. 6s.
THE MORAL DEBT OF A PROUD NATION. By Alfred Barnard.
Barnard Press. 3s. 6d. and 2s.
THE GYTRASH OF GOATHLAND. By Michael Temple. Selwyn and
Blount. 5s.
THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS. Edited by Bliss Perry.
Constable. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS

ROGET'S THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES. Long-
mans. 12s. 6d.
TRENT'S LAST CASE. By E. C. Bentley. Knopf. 3s. 6d.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 382

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, July 18).

THIS JOURNEY'S MADE, DEAR DADDY'S KNEE ASTRIDE,
TO SEE A LADY ON A WHITE HORSE RIDE.

1. It stands—or stood—between the nave and quire.
2. Curtail the act of lighting gas or fire.
3. Sober in hue—quite the reverse of gay.
4. From Tishbeh's prophet clip the tail away.
5. Though no conchologist, he deals in shells.
6. An implement that of the stable smells.
7. Curtail the little word that batsmen dread.
8. One wins in this, another by a head.
9. Of cattle I can show a famous breed.
10. A term preferred to mortgage north of Tweed.
11. Such proof's enough: no better do I know.
12. Determined, yet the instrument must go.
13. Some keep theirs up by putting others' down.
14. Here the wise King assumes the preacher's gown.

Solution of Acrostic No. 380

K nowledg	E ¹	In Memoriam, cxiii.
I slan	D ²	Richard II., ii. 1.
N a	Wab	
G amm	A	
E age	R	
D eforme	D ³	Much Ado About Nothing, iii. 3.
W edloc	K	
A biga	H ⁴	1 Sam. xxv. 3. 25. <i>Nabal</i> means Fool.
R efectio	N	
D eer-stalkin	G	

ACROSTIC NO. 380.—The winner is Mrs. Greene, Incents, Crowborough, who has selected as her prize 'Before the Blue-stockings,' by Ada Wallas, published by Allen and Unwin, and reviewed by us on June 29 under the title 'The Ascent of Woman.' Two other competitors named this book, 14 chose 'Landmarks,' 14 'Scotland Yard and the Metropolitan Police,' 11 'The Fight for the Ashes,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Mrs. Robt. Brown, Clam, Jeff, Met, N. O. Sellam, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Tyro.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Armadale, E. Barrett, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Chailey, J. R. Cripps, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Dhault, Dodo, Dolmar, Fossil, Gay, Jop, John Lennie, Lilian, Martha, George Randolph, Rho Kappa, St. Ives, Twyford, C. J. Warden, A. R. Wheeler, Yendu, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Miss Carter, C. C. J., Ceyx, Miss Ursula D'Ot, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, Madge, G. W. Miller, Lady Mottram, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

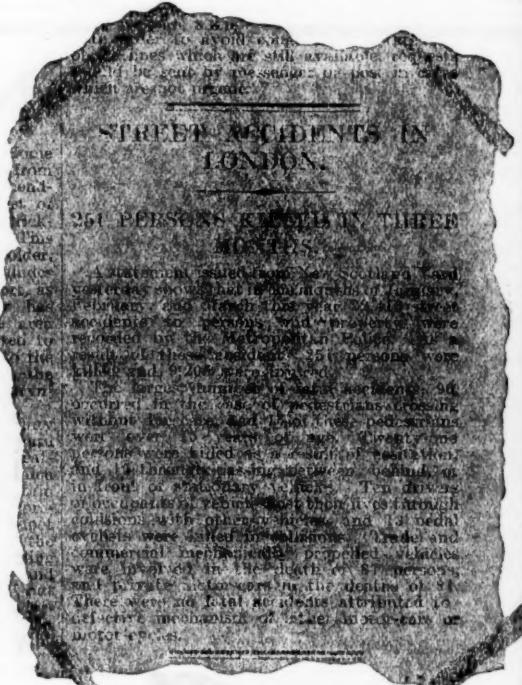
FOR LIGHT 2 *Ireland* is accepted.

ACROSTIC NO. 379.—TWO LIGHTS WRONG: C. E. Ford.

CHAILEY, G. M. FOWLER.—I call the Cow *priceless* or *invaluable* because it supplies us with milk, butter, cheese, and beef, as well as with leather. Compared with these, what are the products of the *Cachalot* and the *Castor* or beaver?

R. H. B.—The matter shall be looked into at once.

Reprinted from "THE TIMES," 8th June, 1929



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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

DEALINGS started on Monday of this week in the three stocks of the new Cables and Wireless Company. Unfortunately, the Stock Exchange Committee has refused its sanction to the quotation of these merger stocks in £1 units, which undoubtedly will curtail public interest in these three counters. Having frequently recommended a purchase of the Cable stocks, I am interested to note that the prices at which the three new stocks were quoted on the opening day represented in the aggregate a somewhat higher total than the closing prices of the Cable stocks on the last day on which they were dealt in. At the same time, in view of the general dullness, quotations ruled lower than had been anticipated when the terms were originally announced.

It will be remembered that the three stocks take the form of 5½ per cent. cumulative preference, 7½ per cent. non-cumulative "A" ordinary stock and "B" ordinary stock. There appears little doubt that the 5½ per cent. preference can be classed as a Gilt-Edge preference, and should be worth more than par. Investors who favour this class of holding should not miss the present opportunity of acquiring this stock while it is obtainable at a discount of several points.

As to the 7½ per cent. "A" ordinary stock, this is naturally more speculative. It appears probable, however, that it will find favour with those trust companies who are prepared to take the risk involved for the sake of obtaining the satisfactory yield of 7½ per cent. which makes the stock attractive for mixing purposes at anything under par. The "B" ordinary stock comes under an entirely different category. It owns the equity of the business and will in all probability be a popular Anglo-American counter; for this reason it is likely to stand materially over its value from a dividend-earning point of view for several years. Holders of Cable stock or Marconi shares who have received these three new stocks in exchange for their existing holdings would probably be well advised to detain their new interests, at all events until the market settles down, as it would appear probable prices then ruling will be higher than those quoted to-day.

NEWFOUNDLAND BONDS

The recent issue of Newfoundland 5 per cent. Bonds received a poor reception, with the result that underwriters had to take a large portion of the issue. Dealings opened at one discount, from which level there was some improvement. In due course these Bonds are likely to recover at least to the issue price of 98 and can be deemed a sound Gilt-Edged investment well worth picking up while procurable at a discount.

STANDARD CARPET

The first report of the Standard Carpet Company (1928) Limited makes satisfactory reading. The report, which covers a period of sixteen months, shows an amount to the credit of profit and loss account of £34,29, while in addition the net profit

of the company's foreign branch, namely, the Standard Carpet Company (Foreign) 1928 Limited (the whole share capital of which is held by the company), amounted over the same period to £13,304. In the case of each company, preliminary expenses are entirely written off, as is the goodwill of the foreign company. The balance sheet discloses a sound position, and ordinary shareholders have received dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum. In these circumstances, these £1 shares, which are procurable in the neighbourhood of 18s., certainly seem to possess decided possibilities, particularly in view of the fact that the management of the company is in sound hands conducive to considerable confidence.

TAVOY TIN

While at first sight the profit and loss account of Tavoy Tin Dredging Corporation for the year ended December 31, 1928, may be considered disappointing, perusal of the directors' report shows an adequate explanation for the falling off of profits. The lower output, as compared with the previous year, is attributable to the time lost in effecting alterations to the dredges, and also to the fact that two dredges were working ground of lower value. Further, the continued fall in the price of tin during 1928 seriously affected the net profits realized on the year's working, the average price for the metal being £227 per ton for the year as compared with £289 for the previous twelve months.

The balance sheet discloses a sound position. The dredges, plant and machinery, which figure at £75,000, are offset by a similar sum in reserve, £5,000 to which has been transferred from the profit and loss account this year. Property stands in the balance sheet at £32,815, while cash, debtors and investments amount to more than £266,000. Shareholders in this company who may be disappointed at this result should, it is suggested, at all events retain their shares for the time being in view of the hopes that the price of the metal will appreciate, which should lead to a higher price being obtainable for Tavoy shares than that ruling at present. Meanwhile, the shares will certainly pay for their keep in view of the fact that in addition to the interim dividend of 4½d. per share free of income tax, a final dividend of 5½d. per share free of income tax is to be paid.

THE CEMENT INDUSTRY

Cement shares at the moment are out of favour, but the industry should be in for a period of considerable prosperity. The fact that Mr. Thomas proposes to spend £35,000,000 on road construction must prove helpful to the cement industry, as it is understood that 1,160 tons of cement is required for every mile of a first-class road thirty feet wide.

At the Ship Canal Portland Cement Manufacturers' meeting, held last week, the chairman gave details of the merger scheme which will lead to the amalgamation of all the Red Triangle cement manufacturing companies into one new company which is to be called the Allied Cement Manufacturers Limited. The Stock Exchange have apparently ignored the advantages that must accrue to the various companies concerned by being merged, and have marked the price of the shares down—which marking down has been assisted by liquidation on the part of holders, who, presumably, are of

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opinion that now the scheme has been issued there is nothing to go for. Personally, I differ from this opinion and suggest that there is still a good deal to go for in cement shares, not merely in this group but also in the Blue Circle group. I would suggest to holders that they retain their interests and exercise a little patience. When conditions change, I am hopeful that we shall see a free and active market in the shares of the new merger company. That this group have increased their output from 200,000 tons of cement a year to 1,000,000 tons, and have expended £400,000 in machinery to achieve this end, certainly points to the fact that they have achieved a considerable amount for the cement industry, even though the prices of their shares have temporarily moved in an unexpected manner.

ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS

The development report from the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, issued last week, contained encouraging news as to the values encountered on the "new make" ore on the 20th level. Should these favourable development reports continue, there is little doubt that Ashanti Goldfields will come in for renewed demand, and the shares again reach higher levels. Even if future developments on this part of the mine should prove disappointing, the shares would not be a very expensive mining holding on the basis of the dividends that have been regularly paid for many years.

WYNDHAM'S MARINE PATENTS

In view of the disappointing showing that has been made by so many companies formed during the last year or two to exploit new patents, it is particularly pleasing to be able to draw attention to one which has justified the optimism of its original sponsors. The Wyndham's Marine Patents (1928) Limited, to which reference has been made in the past in these notes, have declared an interim dividend of 10 per cent. less tax. In making this announcement, the Board point out that this interim dividend is payable out of the trading profits earned by the company during the six months ending June 30 last, and that they propose to deal with the proceeds of the sale of the foreign rights on a later date.

This company was formed to manufacture and develop various patents and processes to utilize waste heat and steam and particularly to manufacture and develop in the United Kingdom the Wyndham Marine Patent. The system has been adopted by a large number of companies, including the P. and O. Line and branch lines, the Union-Castle Line and the Clan Line. The growth in the demand is shown by the fact that the tonnage of steamers already fitted with this system exceeds 1,000,000 tons, which compares with 250,000 tons on March 31 last. While at the present stage of the company's existence these Wyndham shares must be deemed speculative, they certainly appear to possess interesting possibilities at the present level.

C. W. RANDALL

Deals started recently in the 1s. ordinary shares of C. W. Randall and Company, merchants, importers and exporters of rubber and leather goods, and distributors of rubber boots, over-shoes, tennis shoes, etc. The capital of this company consists of £75,000 in 8 per cent. cumulative participating preference shares of £1 each, and 200,000 ordinary shares of 1s. each. For 1926 and 1927 the preference shares received 12 per cent. and the ordinary 190 per cent., while for 1928 the preference received 14 per cent. and the ordinary 235 per cent. While it is realized that the smallness of the capital may be deterrent to the shares being considered suitable for permanent investment, the 1s. ordinary shares appear to possess possibilities.

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